
FORWARD: This is a personal story about the Modern American Rite-Of-Passage for women known as “First Fuck at 14.” Please share and repost the PDF so others may enjoy the story (use keyword FF-14). If you have your own First Fuck at 14 story (whatever the genre: girl, guy, gay, straight), please write it up and post it so others may enjoy it (keyword FF-14). This story does not depict any actual persons living or dead; and should be considered fictional and for entertainment purposes only. Please enjoy this heartfelt story about my beautiful step-sister.

My Step-Sister’s Pussy Training and First Fuck At 14

By Wadsworth Longfellow © 2025

“My nubile step-sister lets out the cutest sigh after she cums.”

It was always something that would set off my step-sister, Sara, shortly after I became part of her family. Not happy with being the youngest, she’d often try to throw her weight around. Although older, I didn’t care if she wanted to be the alpha child as I merely wanted Sara to be happy because her and her mom gave me a home and family after my dad died. I loved them dearly from the first moment I met them.

My step-mom was younger than my dad, with stunning looks and a firm, fantastic body. The first time I met mom I was instantly smitten by this blond-haired, blue-eyed beauty, and likewise by Sara, her clone of a daughter, albeit with vibrant green eyes. Mom instantly put me at ease with her easy-going maternal ways.

After dad died, my new mom took me in, and I truly loved living with her and Sara. Soon it got better... a lot better as I found that my new mom was quite liberal, sexually that is. Let’s delay those details except to say I became her occasional lover after she became a widow. That’s because she became fed up with trolling nightclubs for guys to satisfy her needful pussy. Sexy, liberal step-moms and step-sisters are the best!

I can freely admit I’m not handsome, and I’m not well built as I have what would be called a “runner’s body” (tall and skinny). Big balls aside, I’m not exactly well hung as I’m perhaps slightly above average in cock length. I certainly have no trust fund or large bank account. Yet, my mom and sister seem attracted to me regardless.

Mom once said I was “empathy endowed” in that I’m quite caring, and noted that a caring partner is a huge turn-on for many women. Mom also said that women can spot a guy faking caring and compassion, and will walk away from such a shallow loser.

I soon started to care deeply about mom and Sara. Like I said, Sara’s a younger version of her mom, the woman whom my dad fell in love with and then married just before he died. It makes sense that if dad had feelings for mom, I’d be attracted to a younger clone. I’m a teenaged guy, so I’m often hard when around Sara... and mom. Sometimes my cock gets so

hard it hurts, and likewise my balls become so tight against my body they make my hard-on pain worse.

Anyway, during one particular week mom was scheduled to work a late shift on a Friday, which was unusual. My sister, Sara, at nearly 14 years old thought she didn't need an overnight sitter. My mom didn't want Sara all alone overnight as I was to spend the night with my buddy, James, because his dad was going to drive us to an out-of-town sporting event early the next day. Mom and Sara were arguing about it right after breakfast on the day before.

Trying to be a peace maker, I merely said, "Sara, if I stay home we can call it a 'date night' instead of sitting. We can have take-out delivered, and watch a movie together. Does that interest you?" It did, if I let her decide on the details, which was fine. Problem solved as Sara didn't have to feel like she had to have a sitter, and mom was glad Sara wasn't going to be alone overnight. I caught mom with a weird smile on her face which she tried to hide. I later discovered it was pride in watching her son being more of an adult male role model, and less a boy. I'd soon know why that was important to mom.

Now the date night details. Sara picked the first movie. Great! She also decided we were to have date night in our pajamas. Not great! Sara and mom wear revealing sleepwear. In Summer Sara wears a small nightshirt, sometimes sans panties so that her bubble-butt cheeks will show a bit in back, and her shaved pussy will barely be covered up front. My favorite part is her small, perky tits bulging out on top. In Winter our house is kept cold, so mom and Sara sleep in base-layer long underwear, which is thin and form-fitting... and often see-through, depending on the brand and color.

In Summer, without any air conditioning, I wear thin modal sleep shorts sans underwear, and in cold weather all I have for PJ's are thin, long underwear. I purposely arrive first to the kitchen in the morning so I can quickly sit down to hide my wake-up woodie. I have to wait to take my first piss until after my woodie dissipates. If that takes too long, I have to piss upwards, which is painful, and usually gets piss all over my balls and legs. It sucks being a horny teenaged boy, which seems a redundant term.

From the day we first started living together, Sara constantly tried to see me naked with a hard-on, either in our open-door bathroom or my bedroom (also essentially open door). Mom told me to allow Sara to see me naked with a boner (or "hard-naked") because Sara was 13. That made my boners worse. Mom said that Sara needed to become used to seeing guys naked, especially with a hard-on. If I was around Sara, and naked, a hard-on was a sure thing. Shit!

Regardless of who may've been watching, Sara will often stroke her pussy and rub a nipple. While we may not see her masturbate, we hear her moans. I'd no sooner get over one boner only to get another from seeing and hearing my little sister masturbate, often naked, or nearly so. Long ago Sara gave up on putting a towel around herself when in the bathroom we shared. Sara reasoned that if she was allowed to see me naked, then she didn't have to cover up.

Likewise, mom told me not to bother with a towel for covering, either. A towel is useless for covering your privates when it's tenting badly. Like most families, we have an open door policy for the bathroom, which doesn't help my blue balls.

I don't close my bedroom door, either; mom asked me not to. Mom sometimes visits my bedroom after Sara is sound asleep, and sometimes will spend the night, usually cuddling me, and nothing else. When my alarm goes off in the morning on a school day, sometimes I find both mom and Sara in my bed. Sara sneaks in about an hour before I have to get up, and somehow doesn't wake me when she crawls under my arms for me to spoon her. Mom might be on the other side spooning me. How can I not have a wake-up woodie?

However, to me, a guy taking a shit is sacred, and should be respected. So, I did get an agreement from mom and Sara that guy-shitting deserves privacy, albeit with the bathroom door open. Nowadays, many families have a similar open-door policy for their bathrooms, and for their bedrooms. Maybe in another generation or so old-fashioned repression will finally become extinct, and interior doors will no longer be needed.

My blue balls get worse in the bathroom before bedtime when Sara asks me if she should "go titties out" (topless) or "go pussy out" (no panties). I sometimes get so horny I truly wonder if my balls are going to be sucked back into my body, and then shot out with my cum when I frantically masturbate to ease my blue balls.

If I don't masturbate often, I'll jizz in my sleep, making a mess I have to clean up in our bathroom. My sister will watch me cleaning up, and teases me by offering to scrub my cock and balls. Then Sara giggles (her "tell" that proves she likes being a cock tease) because that'll make me hard again. Sara delights in knowing she can readily make me hard, often announcing "boner check" or "cock inspection!" Shit!

Stating the obvious, Sara is a total horn dog, and I knew our Friday date night was going to be frustrating with a throbbing boner. Thinking about baseball is useless. Let's face facts, teenage hard-ons need an "off switch."

I'm pretty sure Sara wanted our date night in pajamas so she could see how hard I was. My only hope of hiding my boner was to keep the house extra cool. That way we'd have to cover up with a blanket. Fapping beforehand would help, but as a teenager it doesn't help for very long.

I sometimes wonder if I wasn't "born with a boner." Our cave-dwelling ancestors likely fucked whomever was nearby, so horniness and incest are probably both hard-wired into our brains. Caveboys probably got a hand job while they suckled to calm them down, or they received a blow job as a reward for successful hunting. What else did our cave dwelling ancestors have for entertainment besides family fucking? I apologize for going off on such tangents but I tend to overthink the topic of sex living with 2 beautiful females. My only excuse is, again, I was born with a boner. Maybe most guys are.

Like I said, mom is sexually liberal, and whatever Sara wanted to do with me was OK, but no penetration was allowed. Early on Sara and I started to masturbate together after school, often including my buddy, James. Sara did try tasting my cum, announcing she loved it, a

seemingly honest review. Thinking about that makes my blueballitis even worse. As far as what Sara and I would “do” together, I had her take the lead. Sara knew what she was ready for, and would propose it, often asking mom if it was OK before she talked to me. And, again, my buddy James was usually there with us as well... always naked... and always hard. We are teenaged guys, after all.

Getting back to discussing date night with Sara, we essentially started our date when the pizza arrived. While sitting at the table eating pizza, Sara’s nipples looked like they’d explode off her chest they were so fucking hard. Sara’s titties are small, but I absolutely love small tits, and Sara’s point to the sky. Yes, I’m a tit man.

I think about how many guys wish for women to possess giant tits that defy gravity or physics, which seem gross. Well, gravity is a bitch, and so is time. A girl may have huge tittie today, but when she’s older they’ll look like shriveled up bowling pins drooping down past her pussy. I say “no thanks” to giant tits.

One more thing, Sara has mildly gumdrop nipples. Ask any tit man and he’ll likely say gumdrop nipples are a turn on when they’re not grotesque. Sara’s nipples are just right because they’re always a bit out. That is, they announce that she’s ready for action.

Getting back to our date night, we finished our dinner, then started watching the first movie on the loveseat. The movie distracted us from the sexual tension, as did covering up with a shared blanket. Mom told Sara she wasn’t allowed to masturbate while on a date, and I’m not sure if that was good or bad. Sharing a too-small blanket meant Sara and I ended up very close.

Somehow Sara wound up partly in front of me, with my right leg toward the seatback, and her between my legs with my arms around her holding her tightly. If I wasn’t already in love with Sara, I fell for her right then. I don’t even remember what movie we watched much less anything about it.

All I had on my mind was Sara, who I held tightly in my arms. Her warmth... her smell... her... her... everything... was all I could think about. I couldn’t help myself, every so often I would nuzzle her hair, or her neck for a bit. Sometimes I’d move the blanket to kiss her shoulder. She’d giggle with each nuzzle... with each kiss... but she’d never tell me to stop. I couldn’t remember the last time I had experienced happiness like this. I hoped Sara felt the same way. Sara had been my whole world for a while. I started to wonder when I should confess how much I loved her, and always had since the day we met.

Just as the first movie finished, mom got home from work because her special shift ended early. Sara went to the kitchen to heat the pizza we had saved for mom, and pour her a drink. I cued up the second movie for us to watch, and mom sat on the loveseat to eat her pizza.

We only have the loveseat for watching TV, so I sat on the floor with my back against it. I thought that when Sara returned from the kitchen, she could sit on the loveseat behind me, and we could somehow still share the small blanket (I didn’t think that through). I looked forward to having her legs on each side of me, or better yet on top of my shoulders. I hoped I

could rub her legs a bit sitting that way or, better yet, kiss the insides of her knees. Even more better yet, Sara could give me a foot job under the blanket. A guy's gotta dream, right?

When Sara came back into the room, she chided me, saying, "we can't share the blanket on our date night with you sitting on the floor, so sit on the loveseat, and I'll sit right in front of you. You'll have to put your arms around me tight so I don't fall off." I wondered if mom sat on one side of the loveseat so Sara and I would wind up this way.

Sara backed into my boner, giggled, and was purposely twitchy, which was her way of trying to make my cock harder (like that was even possible by now). Sara's quiet, sexy giggles are her "tell" announcing she loves to cock tease her brother.

So we covered up again with the too-small blanket. A while later I felt the need to nuzzle-kiss my cute, long-underwear-clad "date" some more. Later I put my chin on her shoulder, noticing how she smelled great, and I whispered that fact softly into her ear while giving her a extra squeeze with my arms.

A short while later I whispered to Sara my thanks for a wonderful date night. I couldn't help myself... I felt the need to kiss and nuzzle her hair and neck a bit more, all while giving her a strong hug. Sara trembled a little, then stiffened, and let out a cute moan. I pulled back a bit so I could rub her upper arms up and down, then asked, "sweetie, did you just cum a little?"

Our mom quickly told Sara that it was OK to cum like that while on a date, and to not be embarrassed. Sara broke away from my grip, running to our bathroom. I wondered if she needed to dry off the pussy juices running down her soft thighs. I then daydreamed about slowly licking upward on her legs to savor her warm pussy juices, hoping her inner thighs were every bit as sensitive as I had hoped, then wishing again for an off switch to control hard-ons.

Ending another pervy daydream about my sister, I gave mom a puzzled look as to why Sara would have a mild cum from just a hug. Mom said that Sara never had a daddy she would remember. Her biological father left 2 years after Sara was born, and my dad was always working or traveling, and died shortly after his marriage to my step-mom.

Mom said, "Sara's never had a daddy to put his strong arms around her, and show her love. You're her first real daddy figure, and you've given her the caring and love that she's desperately needed. Plus, she's going to turn 14 in a few months, and that's really been on her mind. Most of her friends have already turned 14." I hadn't considered myself Sara's daddy figure, but as her big brother I have a strong desire to care for her. I didn't understand the significance of Sara's upcoming birthday.

Sara came back into the room with her eyes a bit red from crying, saying she was embarrassed. I quickly told her to never be embarrassed in front of people who love her. Mom tried to hide a huge smile, as if she was impressed that a teenaged boy would say that. Then mom said to Sara, "your brother is right. We can talk about it if you like. You'll be 14 pretty soon, so it's time to decide how you want to handle that." I was still confused.

Sara plopped down right in front of me again, grabbed my arms, and put them around her. I hugged her firmly, pressing the side of my head to hers. She seemed to need our closeness.

Mom asked Sara if her and her friends were talking about their fourteenth birthdays, and the months before that. Sara said that they had, and that she was sad she didn't have a daddy to depend on.

I started to wonder if I might know what they were talking about. Mom told Sara that date night proved she could depend on her brother. OH SHIT... it just might be what I think it is! Oh shit shit shit shit!

Starting to cry softly again, and with a hang-dog expression, Sara held my arms and then blurted out, "will you be my daddy for my fourteenth birthday... will you fuck me my first time?" She just shook and sobbed afterward, and couldn't say anything more. I held her tightly trying to calm her down. Sure enough, my cock twitched really hard, and I just about auto-jizzed thinking about giving my nubile little sister her very first fuck.

Wiping away tears, Sara giggled, saying, "mom, his cock just answered for him." I fumbled for the words at first, and then told her that I'd help her any way I could because I loved her and our mom. I mentioned that they had given me a home and family when I had none. Mom flashed a huge, proud smile for saying the perfect thing to my sister once again.

As hard as my cock was from thinking about all this, it got even harder when Sara added another question, "will you also help me with my 3 months of pussy training before my birthday?" Again, I gave the "whatever you want" speech even though I had no idea what pussy training was, and had never even heard of it. It didn't matter; I envisioned the best 3 months of my life were about to start. Sara softly cried a happy cry, and I pulled her in close to for another long, hard hug. Mom still smiled, turning away to hide happy tears.

Mom soon explained that a girl's first fuck at 14 was the modern coming-of-age ritual to prepare her for being a sexually-active woman by allowing a caring male role model, such as her father or an older brother, to be the one to pop her cherry. That is, a related male will be gentle and caring for a girl's first time with penetration sex, instead of her having the uncaring and painful approach of a quick fuck by some uncaring horny boyfriend.

Mom continued, noting that girls treasure their first time having coitus, or penetrating sex. They're nervous about such an important milestone in their life, so a caring daddy or daddy figure eases a girl's nervousness, and helps ensure no damage is done.

After I gave Sara my answer, she started to rub her pussy. Before Sara could do much rubbing, mom reminded her she wasn't allowed to masturbate while still on a date, saying, "if you need to cum you ask your date to rub your needy pussy, and besides, you can start pussy training tonight with your brother."

Sara grabbed my hand, and put it on her pussy over her thin bottoms. I started slowly rubbing her warm, moist pussy, getting off on Sara's low moaning, and thinking I now knew why my mom taught me to perform pussy hand jobs, as well as how to pussy dive. I started daydreaming about licking Sara's cute shaved pussy, hoping I could drive her wild as I was

proud of my developing talent. Daydreaming more, I hoped that Sara's pussy juice was delicious and intoxicating, so, I wasn't paying a lot of attention to what my body was doing.

As I kept rubbing Sara's soft, warm pussy I also kissed and nuzzled her neck, and she quickly came, followed by her cute post-cum sigh. Then Sara said she'd help me out with a hand job, being proud to give her first one after our mom had taught her how on a dildo.

Sara had also intensely watched me whenever I jacked off in front of her, so she probably wasn't afraid of helping me calm down my everhard cock. I said to Sara, "well, you're not the only one embarrassed tonight as I came just as you did without even touching myself." She asked me to confirm that, and I did by showing her the copious jizz on the front of my pajama pants, not to mention a cock starting to go soft... finally!

Mom smiled once again, and told us that cumming simultaneously was a good omen. That may've been mom's spin on my supposed auto-ejaculation. Mom likely noticed my subtle humping action against Sara's body while I gave her a pussy hand job, which I remembered only later. Sometimes our bodies will do something like that without us even realizing it, especially while we're having pervy daydreams.

Sara and I headed to our bathroom to take a shower together to clean up after we both came in our PJ's. While warm water drizzled over our horny-again bodies, I gave Sara a soapy body massage ending with a loving pussy hand job, and she moved in to be as close to me as possible, as if trying to become one with me. In the all the porn I've read, I don't remember that technique ever being emphasized, but I enjoyed that closeness just as much as the soapy hand job I received as a thank you.

Sometimes such simple, loving actions can be a turn-on when they're done by someone you care deeply about. It's weird that I'm under 20 yet find myself wondering about the differences between mere physical sex versus the more profound act of love making.

I've talked about that issue with my mom after we've had sex, and she told me wanting to figure it all out meant that I cared more about the other person than my own needs because children crave sex to please themselves, while many adults desire love making to please the person they care deeply for. Once again it seemed like mom was pleased that I seemed more a caring man than horny boy.

I laughed after she said that, citing my chronic hard-ons proved me to be a horny boy wanting sex. She replied that my worrying about being a horny boy actually helped prove I wasn't. It's difficult to have deep intellectual conversations about love-making versus sex while lying next to a stunning, naked mom who is about to initiate fuck round 2... or even fuck round 3.

One thing mom and I have talked about is what I call "semi-sex" or "pseudo-sex." That is, cuddling or spooning gives pleasure to one's partner, yet there is no actual orgasm-sex involved. Mom has always been impressed with the caring I show her and Sara, and also by how I try to figure out how to improve on that. Even after sex I insist on cuddling with mom or Sara, something I call "post-cum cuddling."

Mom said there're hormones or some shit involved with touching and cuddling, so those actions do give your partner a hormonal benefit similar to sex. Mom is always going on about me being such a "caring partner," so there is a science to it... I guess. My dad taught me a lot before he died, and I usually try to remind mom of that.

Mom usually says something about me being my dad's son, so my dad was a caring partner. Mom misses my dad. They had little time together before he died, so that's why I try to be caring to mom, and Sara, any way I can. I'm dad's replacement in our little family.

Getting back to that first date night with Sara, mom recommended we sleep next to each other for the first time because we could sleep in on a Saturday morning. Just as Sara and I got comfortable in bed spooning with my arms and legs around her, she asked me if it was OK for her to call me daddy in private during pussy training as our mom had recommended it.

Sara giggled before I could even reply, saying, "your cock answered for you again." Apparently a guy's cock twitches are a lie detector. If that's true I can't lie to these two horny beauties. At first the Daddy name seemed corny, but to Sara it seemed important, likely because she never had a long-term daddy figure in her life. I felt sadness for my little sister never having had a father in her life, and hoped I could make up for that.

Sara quickly fell asleep, but my head had a million things to think about as to what pussy training would entail. Our mom would tell us of course, but I wanted to make it special by organizing my ideas, especially rule number one: no masturbating during pussy training. Regardless, if it doesn't kill me it could be the best 3 months of my life.

While thinking about pussy training I got another severe boner twitch, and I quickly knew Sara wasn't asleep as she let out a quiet giggle. I hugged her hard, and she let out another cute moan, causing my cock to twitch yet again. And yes, that made her giggle once more. She moved her hand to rest over mine, and I slowly and quietly whispered in her ear, "world's best little sister." I'm not sure if she heard me. I think she was fast asleep due to a memorable yet exhausting date night. And she still smelled great.

By morning I had drafted some unorganized rules in my head, so I started compiling a list.

PUSSY TRAINING AND FIRST FUCK AT 14 — GOALS AND RULES

1) No masturbating is typically allowed during pussy training. If you're horny you ask your pussy trainer to help you to cum.

2) Minimal clothing must be worn while at home during pussy training, e.g., panties only, or naked. The trainee must become accustomed to being seen by others like that. Younger siblings have already seen their brothers and sisters naked, unless they have old-fashioned closed-door bathrooms. Some families have a "titties out" rule for older girls when at home, so they'll get used to visitors seeing them topless. Likewise some families have a "cock sock only" rule for boys over age 9 when at home. Most families allow kids under 8 to be naked all the time, including outside, as the law finally allows that in most U.S. states.

3) The pussy trainer may decide to receive a daily blow job upon waking. The trainee must practice swallowing every drop of cum to achieve expertise in performing proper blow jobs, hand jobs, etc.

4) Emphasis must be placed on the trainee achieving expertise in hand jobs, blow jobs, head jobs, hum jobs, cock teasing, ball fondling, and combo jobs (which is typically a hand job and blow job with aggressive ball fondling). In a perfect world, ball fondling by itself should end with the trainer cumming without his cock being touched, called a “balls-only cum.”

5) The trainee must attempt performing a Double Blow Job once a month, where a cock is held in her mouth through two cummings without letting the cock out. She must hold a cock in her mouth as deeply as possible short of gagging, except for when her “daddy” cums so she can enjoy the taste. Regarding blowjobs in general, learning to savor a warm, hard cock in her mouth is important. That is, it’s important to realize that a blowjob is a two-way pleasure. Such basic yet important knowledge is never discussed in the white-washed sex-ed taught in most schools.

6) Prostate massage training is a must. Training in any and all other types of jobs should be performed, including: boob jobs, foot jobs, armpit jobs, knee jobs, foot jobs, thigh jobs, stocking jobs, butt crack jobs, etc. Nose jobs are strongly discouraged as there is no such thing as a “nose pussy” (no one wants cum up their nose).

7) A pussy inspection, with fully-exposed clit, must be performed daily, except during her period. A daily clit cleaning by the trainer using his lips and tongue is a great way for a girl to become used to having her clit stimulated. After all, a clean clit is a happy clit! An important part of pussy training is to make the trainee at ease with having her clit massaged, lightly pinched, and sucked on. The trainer must be as gentle as possible in this endeavor until the trainee can tolerate such stimulation. Communication is important.

8) Multiple times a day the trainee must perform leg-spreading exercises so she’s able to spread her legs as widely as possible. A good girl spreads her legs wide for her daddy.

9) Tittie massaging and sucking is an important activity to help a girl’s titties grow up to be big, strong, and perky. A “tittles-only cum” should be attempted once a week. The trainee should allow young siblings, cousins, etc. to start their own pussy or cock training early by having them massage and suck on her titties. That’s a great way for her to bond with them.

10) Receiving an enema to clean out her ass is to be performed at least twice a month so the trainee is accustomed to the procedure. Wearing a butt plug around the house is required afterward, and no masturbating is allowed while wearing it. It’s a good idea to stretch out a girl’s asshole so she can handle some ass fucking when necessary. However, no ass fucking is allowed before her fourteenth birthday.

11) No penetration of a pussy hole by a cock, sex toy or finger is allowed, no matter how much the trainee begs. Thus, no tampons.

12) The trainer is to develop methods of pussy teasing to delay cumming so as to help bring about hard, intense cums from the girl (called “hard-cums”). The trainee must un-learn the fast cumming she is used to after years of masturbating.

13) The trainee makes a “clitty promise” with her pussy trainer. A clitty promise is when the trainer performs the first clit job on her after the start of pussy training. It’s the kick-off event many times, and is usually done with her mom and siblings present, in a progressive family. The girl promises to obey all the rules of pussy training, and makes any other promises as deemed necessary, such as frequent combo jobs for her brothers, tittie sucking & pussy licking her sisters, etc. After all, pussy training should be shared with her family, especially her little brothers as she may be their cock trainer in the future.

14) If a girl’s period falls on her birthday, the first fuck at 14 is to be delayed a week or two.

15) In a progressive family, the day after her first fuck is for a family fuck fest. The new non-virgin dictates who she wants to fuck her next, and then next, and then next. Ideally, she allows all her siblings a piece of pussy that day.

The next day our mom had ideas regarding Sara’s pussy training. Mom also wanted to set some rules, especially regarding first penetration as that was only for on Sara’s fourteenth birthday. Sara had to approve everything. My rule was always that Sara was to be the one to propose any new sex act, position, or added partner. Mom and James were permanently on the list of added partners, and Sara’s cousin, Jeremy, would be added later (more on him later in this story).

Mom was going to be a part of our training sessions, especially early on given that I had limited sexual experience. That was fine with me as mom was stunning naked, and she had second dibs on my cock during this time because she got horny helping us, and afterwards sometimes needed a good hard fucking to calm down her needful pussy. I didn’t expect to have so many three-ways with my mom and sister. Being outnumbered one cock to two pussies would seem ideal, but only for a short while.

The next 3 months during Sara’s pussy training should’ve been heavenly, but they were exhausting, to be honest. I had to wear condoms just to keep my cock from getting raw from all the different types of “jobs” Sara learned. There were times when my cum muscles got cramps from the repeated cumming. I’m not complaining, only relating my observations. Numbing cream on my cock helped a little, but not much.

One thing I felt guilty about was pussy teasing. Sara had been used to achieving fast cums from masturbating, and I was told by mom that Sara needed to un-learn that. I found that pussy teasing helped Sara achieve intense cums, once I brought her to that point. One example, if Sara was close to cumming, I’d slow down, and she’d let out a “pity me” moan, which I had to ignore even though it pained me to so do. I’d reply to a pity moan by saying, “this hurts me more than it hurts you,” which was sort of true given the painful hard-on I’d have at the time.

I used small, soft paint brushes to tease Sara’s nipples, clit and pussy lips. A few times she started crying and begging because she was so in need of cumming while I tickled her pussy

for a long period of time. More often than not my love for her got the best of me, and so I'd take pity on her by pouncing onto her pussy with my mouth to give her a quick cum, which was always intense.

That such a relatively quick cum was intense proved the value of pussy teasing. Still, pussy teasing does send a caring trainer on a guilt trip. Sara would show she didn't hold a grudge by giving me a combo job, which should have intense ball fondling. She'd be really aggressive with her ball yanking, kneading and squeezing after pussy teasing. I totally deserved it... and enjoyed it. She's totally a ball girl, just like mom.

Pussy teasing seems to be one of the most important parts of pussy training, assuming the trainer can stand the guilt. There are some who might call pussy teasing pussy torture, but if the girl is OK with it, then it's not torture.

Sara was always told to speak up if she was uneasy with anything we were doing during any pussy training, and creating a safe word or signal is important. Sara insists that girls are just as horny as guys of the same age, and she decided to invent the term "blue clit syndrome" to parallel guys' blue balls syndrome. I doubt that term will catch on, but I liked how Sara was so getting into her training by inventing a new term, or new type of job.

Sara and I had one interesting experience. I was teasing Sara's pussy with a small paint brush (obviously it should be soft, new, and clean). I had done some teasing of her nipples, and switched to her clit and lower pussy lips, switching back and forth, interrupted with rubbing her inner thighs (which I love to do). When I went to switch from her clit to her lower lips, I surprised her by instead going right back to her clit. Without warning a few seconds later she had a hard-cum. I asked her about it, and she confirmed she didn't know she was just about to cum. Sara was just as startled as I was.

Sometimes something as simple as a soft paint brush can be used as a sex toy with remarkable results. However, pussy training should use a minimal number of sex toys, and only externally. If I could afford it, a fake-fur mitten might be great to use on Sara. OK, let's cue up another pervy daydream about arousing my sister's inner thighs and tits and neck and pussy and, well, everything with a fur mitten... or two!

One time Sara fell soundly asleep, completely exhausted, so mom and I continued fucking. Mom suggested that I tease Sara's pussy while she was sound asleep. Sara never woke up, and came rather softly. I did my best to clean and dry her so there were no clues. Sara knew the next morning what had happened, and she said she liked it when she woke up after cumming in her sleep. Sara asked that I do it a couple times a month without any advance notice. How many girls ask their brother to make them cum in their sleep?

Sara and I sleep soundly, but mom doesn't, and sometimes mom will give me a sleeping bee (sleeping blow job) if we're together. A few times when sleeping together Sara will wake up before me, and will take care of my morning wood pre-wake-up. If the 3 of us sleep together, I often wake up after having cum at least once during sleep.

When I sleep really soundly, mom or Sara will have their way with me during the night. I don't ask for specifics as I'm just glad they don't write "Pussy Teaser" on my forehead in permanent

ink while I was asleep. A classmate once came to school with the faint outline of a cock and balls drawn on her forehead. She claimed it wouldn't wash off completely, but I wondered if she wore it as a badge of honor, that is, announcing she was no longer a virgin, and thus ready for action.

To get back at me for pussy teasing, Sara learned how to tease me based on information mom gave her. Sara would sometimes put a rolled-up sock (with the foot part cut off) under my balls to pull them away from my body. When I've got a boner my balls pull in hard, and end up very close to my body with a lot of pressure. I understand that happens to a lot of guys. Pulling a guy's balls away from his body supposedly delays his cumming, and makes it more intense. Once Sara put 2 rolled-up socks under my balls, and when I finally came I nearly passed out for the intensity. Of course, just as I started to cum Sara gave my stretched-out balls a hard squeeze, which probably enhanced the effect.

Apparently the trainer also learns a lot about himself during pussy training. Another thing I learned is that I can sometimes cum from only a prostate massage combined with aggressive ball fondling from behind. My first prostate massage was performed by Sara, and ended with me cumming very quickly, which was embarrassing. Mom said that that'll happen to a guy during his first prostate massage.

During her months of pussy training Sara was the happiest I've ever seen her, which pleased me immensely. I got to know the exact spots where to kiss, rub, massage, or suck-on my little sister. To be honest she is much like mom, so I already had a good idea what would turn her on.

During her pussy training I could keep Sara on the brink of cumming, and when she did finally did cum she'd sometimes scream and arch her back for the intensity, and of course soon let out her cute little sigh. Mom was jealous as she never had any pussy training or first fuck at 14 experiences like Sara. Sara also got to be an expert at making me cum, often times delaying my cumming so it'd be intense. We both learned a lot. What a great little sister.

One thing I did do was occasionally share pussy training duties with my best friend, James. Gay or not, a horny guy will accept any means available to relieve an intense hard-on. My cock was getting raw, and I can only cum so many times in a day, so James was happy to help. Mom was fine with James helping out because by then she had herself fucked James, enjoying his giant-thick cock.

It was while giving James a blow job that Sara decided to attempt a Double Blow Job, and James received the first one Sara managed to perform. James had never heard of a Double Blow Job, which isn't surprising as Sara is the one who invented the term for our family. To honor Sara's invention we decided to add it as a pussy training task.

James stated that he couldn't wait to try performing a Double BJ on his next boyfriend. I declined his invitation to use my cock in his first attempts. I felt guilty about that, but Sara's pussy training regimen had made my cock raw, and my balls red and swollen.

James gets huge wood staring at my swollen balls, confirming that he's likely a ball guy. To be honest, Sara's nipples were red and swollen, with purple hickeys covering her tits, and all

over her body, so I shouldn't complain. Sara and I would need a few days to heal before her fourteenth birthday.

As a confirmed tit man, I tend to obsess over Sara's perky titties, and want to suck her tits anytime I see them. I look forward to the day where Sara gets pregnant, and I get to suck her milk. Mom will be preggers before then, and told me to look forward to enjoying her milk, especially healthy early milk. Most any tit man dreams of suckling on lactating tits, and drinking milk. I also can't wait for fucking a woman seriously pregnant. My dad always liked prego porn, and I do, too.

Overall, Sara developed an astonishing confidence during this time of her pussy training. Her teachers and friends noticed it. Her school grades improved, which was counterintuitive as she was spending so much time pussy training. She even received an offer to be a paid tutor. The positive changes in Sara were remarkable. It seems that sex (even non-penetration sex) with a caring partner is important to achieving sound mental health in a teen girl. We hear so much about the importance of good mental health, so why not encourage teens to become more sexually active, or at least buy them the toys they need to satisfy themselves?

My relationship with Sara further developed in that there'd be times I'd come up behind her just to hug her, and tell her I loved her. We'd then go our separate ways, knowing that if we wanted to pleasure each other we could. Just knowing that the other person is willing to make you cum whenever you want is a turn-on in itself.

Sara is becoming a strong-willed woman like her mom, but at the same time has a soft, vulnerable feminine side. When I'm next to Sara in bed I love wrapping my arms and legs around her, and feeling her soft, warm body against mine. I bury my face in her hair, and just drink in her wonderful smell.

I know that Sara loves for me to hold her that way. At risk of using a corny cliché, I feel Sara is my perfect mate, just as my step-mom was to dad. It would seem our incredible bond was destiny because we're the children of soul mates. Plus, Sara has a stunning body. Did I already mention her tits point to the sky? I have every faint freckle on her nubile tits memorized.

While I was growing up my dad had always kept lots of porn lying around as he thought it was a good way for me to learn about sex beyond the useless sex education taught in school. I soon realized I was a tit man, just like my dad was. One thing I learned from my mom and sister (not from porn) is that there are what I call "ball girls." Some women like guys' asses, or their cocks, or they like to stare at a guy's abs & six-pack. Nothing in the porn literature I've read has ever mentioned ball girls.

While my cock is average in size, my balls are quite oversized, but they don't droop unless they're really warm. My buddy James confirmed that my balls are big. At risk of sounding shallow, I assume he might know such things given that he announced he was gay long ago. James is the closest thing to a brother I've ever had. He once witnessed my giant balls swell up after we ran 2 miles in phys ed on a hot day, and all the bouncing my heavy balls did while drooping in the heat was outright painful. A visit to the nurse's office was needed, and I was told to ice my balls after school, and to wear better ball support while running. The MILF-

nurse gave me some skimpy swimmer jock straps to support my balls when running or exercising. Mom bought me some more skimpy jocks in various vivid colors.

Here's some advice: putting ice on your balls makes you hard. James was in my bedroom after school while I applied ice to my swollen balls, and I got mega-hard. I thought James was going to auto-jizz while staring at my hard cock and ginormous balls. Trying to ease the sexual tension between us, I challenged him to a "first to cum contest" to alleviate my iced-balls hard-on. He won very quickly because he probably had a head start being so horny.

My teasing James sexually is something he both loves and hates, and we've jerked off together for years, often with Sara masturbating in the room as well. On his birthday I jerk James off as his gift, and on mine he gives me an expert combo job. He begs for a critique of his combo jobs, and I'm always honest because he wants to improve. It's weird that the combo jobs given by guys are different from those given by women, perhaps because guys know first hand what's enjoyable. James can even deep-throat a cock; he's practiced on a dildo for a few years. Few women seem to master that talent.

Later that day Sara when Sara got home from her after-school ballet or some shit, she nearly passed out at the sight of my grossly-swollen balls. She desperately wanted to fondle them, and it killed me to ask her to stay off of them as I was in pain.

Sometimes I wear one of those tiny jocks around the house; it turns out my mom and sister love the sight of me naked except for my cock and balls barely covered. Of course, Sara and mom will come up behind me and pull back hard on the straps, and let them snap. Sara once drew blood from snapping too hard. Talk about ball and ass-cheek torture.

I endured such pain because my mom and sis totally got off on the experience, and I'll do anything to make the horny women in my life happy. Then again there's the "apology beej" (apology blow job) I receive afterward that eases the discomfort. I do tend to ham it up a bit about the strap-snapping pain.

Getting back to that swollen-balls day, after our first-to-cum contest James offered that if ever I decided to try "gay for a day" to allow him first dibs. I looked him straight in the eye and said, "bro, if I ever decide to go gay for a day, I'd be honored for it to be with you." James deserved that promise because his friendship has always meant a lot to me. He stared back dumbfounded, and quickly got hard again, which cracked us up.

I'm often jealous of James's good looks, so one day he'll be a good catch for some lucky guy. James's balls are only average, but his cock is huge. It's fairly long, quite thick from the base to the tip, and straight as an arrow. His cock and balls are kind of dark in color, while I'm all white and pink, with a small purple tip. We're brothers in spirit, but the difference is profound in our cocks and balls.

Per mom, the only drawback to James's athletic body and good looks is he has a flat ass, while she claims I've got a "guy bubble butt." Mom says that thin guys do tend to have rounder asses, which seems weird in that if a guy is skinny he should maybe have a skinny ass, but I don't. Maybe that's why mom loves to shave my ass.

Mom and Sara prefer guys to look smooth, so I endure the ribbing I get in the locker room for being shaved all over. It's amazing how many guys don't understand that personal shaving is a first step in pleasing a woman. I'll gladly endure a few bloody nicks to my cock and ball sack to please Sara and mom. FYI: never use a styptic pencil on your cock or balls.

Getting back to discussing James, he can shoot his jizz pretty far, but I think I shoot a bit more volume. Yes, we've also had "cum distance contests" as well. Mom or Sara sometimes will act as judge in our various cum contests.

The first time mom acted as judge in a cum contest, she later dragged James off to her bedroom to address her needful pussy, closing the bedroom door behind her which was unusual. A while later James emerged all red faced, and I pretended to be outraged, standing there with stern look and folded arms, asking, "really, you fucked my mom... DUDE, YOU FUCKED MY MOM?!" Mom then came out and announced she had tried her best but, "he insists he's still gay." My poker face failed as I started to snicker. James really did think I was pissed at him for spending an afternoon fucking my mom.

I later asked mom if she'd ever fuck James again, and she said she can't take a cock that big in her ass again. She wanted to please him by taking it anal as thanks for the big-cock pussy fucking he gave her beforehand. Apparently James can also best me in a "cum the most times in a day contest" based on his fucking my mom. Mom and Sara really have little interest in anal, which is fine with me.

Again, James is a good friend, and like a brother, so perhaps some day I'll get us both drunk, and go gay for a day. I hope he doesn't mind it if I insist on being the pitcher as I doubt my ass could take a cock that thick... like scary thick... like there's not enough lube on the planet thick. I'm a bit jealous of James's giant cock, but then I don't want to harm Sara, so I'm content with what I have. But... I often daydream that James and I trade cocks for a day.

I have promised James that when he weds I'd be his best man, or man of honor. Of course, I expect James to be my best man someday, and wonder if I'll be marrying Sara.

One thing James helped with in Sara's pussy training was for her to practice performing butt hole fingering and prostate massages. I remember the first time the two tried that James moaned so loudly I thought Sara was hurting him. Afterward, we all discussed it, and James was evasive. Red flag!

I talked about it later with Sara, and we agreed that James was still a virgin! He had had sex with women, but not a man. That was astonishing as James announced he was gay long ago, and is so good looking that he should be able to easily attract a boyfriend. What the shit, make that 10-to-20 boyfriends.

Sara reasoned that James wanted me to be the one to pop his ass-cherry because of our strong friendship. Like me, James has no brother, so thus our strong bond. After Sara's milestone birthday, I'll need to make my best friend a man. There's no way I can take a cock as big as James's in my ass, so I'm going to have to draw the line; i.e., I'll pitch but not catch. I feel stupid that I didn't realize James was a virgin. My sister did, so once again she proved she's quite smart, at least compared to me.

Getting back to my nubile little sister, during her 3 months of pussy training Sara was obsessed with my balls confirming my theory she's a ball girl, just like our mom. Unlike some guys, I totally love having my balls fondled, and roughly. While I like having big balls, and the 2 women in my life enjoy the sight of them, I often dream of them being smaller for just one day so I could find out what it's like having mom or Sara giving my shaved balls a warm mouth massage. However, I would never deny the treasured joy those 2 beauties get from looking at, killing, groping, and fondling my balls. That Sara's a ball girl further proves she's my soul mate.

At that time Sara's fourteenth birthday was fast approaching. I knew Sara was nervous, and so we didn't want to talk about it when we slept together, both exhausted from her pussy training. Mom had taught us many sexual positions, and we practiced them as best we could without penetration. Important questions remained: how hard did Sara want to be fucked, what positions did she want to try, and how long should we both abstain from cumming beforehand? Those ended up being my decisions.

I don't care about my needs regarding cumming as I've always felt that your partner's needs should be all-important. A guy can't fake cumming (can he?), and I'm sure Sara would feel sad if we stopped before I did cum, such as because she had pussy pain. Maybe I was overthinking our first fuck, but I love my sister so I wanted her first fucking to be memorable.

Mom told me to discuss everything with Sara, but I didn't want to make her more nervous. My cock isn't especially big, maybe just slightly longer than average, but it does curve upward, and tapers toward the tip, which is quite small. My worry was about the fact that my cock is kind of flat, so it's wide. Perhaps my cock is flat from too much hurried masturbation to treat my blue balls.

Mom states that my cock is perfect for my sister because it tapers toward the small tip, so it'll gently open Sara's tight young pussy. Mom insists my cock provides a great feeling because of the unique way it spreads open her pussy with each stroke. So apparently it's true that cock length isn't everything. Well, that's my dream, and I'm stickin' with it!

Mom loves my cock's upward curve as I can apparently rub her G-spot fast to make her cum hard, later stating, "make me hard-cum like that again and I'll ground you for a year," which proves mom is intelligent and has a great sense of humor. Sara will become much the same woman. Smart girls are a turn-on for me because fucking somebody dumb seems disappointing. You might as well fuck a sheep, or ram some cold fake-pussy sleeve that feels nothing like a pussy.

Although mom has not had sex with a lot of men she once told me that she's never had another lover as good as me. I know my mom well, and I know when she's full of shit, so I believe she said that with honesty. I was stunned by that statement because I lack experience. Sure, I've fucked classmates, and a buddy's horny beast of a big sister. I used to joke that the only girls who'd let me fuck them were ones with low standards as I seldom had the opportunity for sex before my mom and Sara entered my life.

Mom and I have a unique relationship. She took me in, yet we're lovers, and are now confidants regarding my sister's pussy training and first fuck at 14. I love mom as all those

things, but mom isn't my true love, nor I hers. We love each other in a way that's hard to explain except to say we care deeply for one another. I doubt she'll ever marry again as long as she has me in her life. I sometimes consider myself a half-assed substitute for my late father.

One thing that mom enjoys is her remote control vibrator egg. We've discussed getting one as a gift for Sara a few weeks before her first fuck, but decided it would spoil her. Teasing Sara's sensitive pussy with a remote control vibrator would have to wait for a later time. Maybe we'll give her one for her sweet 16 birthday.

I do love teasing my mom with her vibrator. I'll ask her to wear it around the house, and then ignore it for a couple of hours. Then, without warning I'll turn it on, albeit at half power. I'll forbid her from taking it out, and have ended up with upper-arm bruises from mom punching me to stop teasing her pussy. She says she hates it, yet she has never hidden it, and it's always charged. Mom is as much of a horn dog as her daughter.

I tease mom like that because I feel she doesn't want to be the alpha in our sexual relationship. I have no problem having a relationship with a strong-willed woman, but a guy should know when to be the alpha in a sexual relationship, when to be the beta, and when to be both. If you can't sense what a woman wants, either ask, or make an educated guess and then apologize afterward if you guessed wrong. Mom claims that caring and honesty in a sex partner are always a turn-on.

On that, mom has never said so, but I've found that she often prefers to be dominated. When she's in that sort of mood I choose our positions, and I pound her pussy so hard I worry it'll start bleeding. For many days afterward my mom is happy and carefree.

Sometimes I'll come up behind mom, and I'll nuzzle her neck after I wrap my arms around her in a strong hug. A couple of times she cried a bit when I did that, and said it was a happy cry. I have to wear multiple hats, from that of an obedient son to one of a dominant lover. I try hard to not mix those hats up as that would be disrespecting my mom.

I know mom misses my dad. She has no other man in her life as she seems to only care about her two kids. If I can make her happy by being her occasional lover, so be it.

One week I had sensed that mom seemed sad. I wasn't sure what to do as I think she didn't want to talk about it as that could make her even sadder. Mom can't hide such things from Sara and me.

Being unsure about what to do, I decided to keep things simple, so I hugged mom from behind and told her I was proud to be her son, and thanked her for giving me a home and family. It was a truly honest sentiment, although a bit corny. All mom could do was nod her head for the sobbing which erupted from her.

I held mom tightly for a long, long while to calm her down. When mom gets sad and emotional like that I'll ask Sara if it's OK to spend the night sleeping alongside mom. Sara never minds as she wishes for our mom to be happy. As a widow with 2 teenagers, mom has to be strong

willed, but she is still a woman, with the wants and needs of a woman. Plus she has the compassion and caring of someone with maternal experience.

Sometimes I'll ask Sara if it's OK to spend half the night with her, and the other half with mom. So, I'll quietly crawl into mom's bed during the night, and mom always wakes up. I don't say a word but just hold her tightly, and kiss her for a bit softly. We do nothing else, and I get sad because mom sometimes cries softly, almost trying to hide it. When she does that I hold her tighter, and closer, then tell her I love her. Sometimes simple acts of caring are far better than any overly-complicated shit.

I had hoped that mom would've found a guy her age to spend time with. I don't mind being her lover, as she is never needy. It's as if our relationship as lovers has primarily been to help me perform the duties as surrogate daddy to Sara.

I can imagine mom as a caring grandmother to my children one day. And Sara's. The big question was: would those grandchildren belong to both Sara and I? In my heart I do love Sara as a soul mate. I have the feeling Sara feels much the same, though during pussy training we never spoke of one day marrying.

Marriage to Sara just seems like the obvious path we'll take given our love for each other. I have the feeling mom thinks the same way, though she has never said anything, either.

I am proud to be a son and brother to these two, as well as lover. Anything more is icing on the cake. My relationship with mom will go to the next level in the coming year as I've promised to father a child with mom, but that's a story for another day. Yes, I'm going off on way too many tangents, but it's my story, so I need to tell it my way.

Sara's fourteenth birthday wound up being on a Saturday, and she didn't want any party or exchange of gifts on that special day. She wasn't near her period, either. Sara and I did finally discuss aspects of the day. We agreed we'd abstain for 3 days beforehand, and to sleep apart during that time.

We had a plan for showering separately, and for what positions we wanted to try. Picking positions was important as my cock is very upright when I got a boner. That is, I get such severe hard-ons that my cock can't be pulled down for doggy style, cowgirl or similar. Those down-cock positions have to be performed during fucking round 2 when I get hard again, but less severely. I am proud to recover a boner fast.

I planned on wearing thick, allergy-safe condoms to delay my cumming as I wanted to give Sara pleasure for as long as she wanted to receive it. I also wanted to use only a super-safe lube as I didn't want Sara's young, nubile pussy to react. She tolerated clear, unscented lubes well during pussy training, but they didn't get jammed deep into her pussy then.

Sara and her mom would flush out Sara's ass that day so she could take some gentle fucking there if she wanted to try that, or if her pussy hurt yet she wanted to continue fucking. Hopefully the use of a butt plug during her pussy training would allow Sara to take it in the ass without pain.

We decided on a starting time, and what bed to use. Our final decision was that we wanted to be all alone, without mom in the house. I insisted on that because I felt Sara would rein in her moaning if she knew someone heard her. Mom understood perfectly, and I knew she was honest in that.

On Sara's special day we were all very quiet. Mom hugged us both before leaving, and tried hard not to happy-cry for her kids. I stood there looking at Sara, who just hung her head, trembling somewhat, and too nervous to look at me. I stood closely, facing her, and asked, "any regrets?" She merely shook her head, and I knew she needed me to completely take the lead, and make this day memorable.

I could see Sara start to tremble harder, and asked her to look at me, and I lifted her chin. I saw tears streaming down her face, and I whispered to her, "no other person has ever made me more happy than you," then kissed her gently. She started sobbing, and I took charge by aggressively picking her up and carrying her into the bedroom, and gently putting her down on the bed. Her sobbing stopped... and she smiled in anticipation.

I took off my shorts, and then quickly yanked Sara's nightshirt up off her, leaving her nude. God, she was stunning. I've seen her naked dozen of times, yet each time it's like the first. I was lost in my devotion to her beauty such that I nearly forgot what to do next.

I turned away in a practiced move so I could put on a lubed condom in a few seconds. I hovered over her, purposely being somewhat forceful. I asked her what good girls did for their daddy, so she smiled and wrapped her legs around me spreading them good and wide.

Right then I realized her first fuck needed to include some hard pussy pounding for fucking round 1, but I was going to tease her body so it would beg for it! I started kissing her, making my way down her body, and her trembling increased and decreased as I did.

Knowing she could moan as loudly as she wanted, she made me aware she was in ecstasy. What a turn-on her moans were as I worked all the pleasure spots I already knew about. I had a plan on where to kiss her, and where to rub her, and I also knew how hard and for how long to attack each area.

Thanks to pussy training I knew my sister's body completely, and wanted to give her incredible pleasure during her epic first fucking. I worked multiple areas, often rubbing her inner thighs, while kissing and fondling other areas up higher. I had hoped that Sara wouldn't know what to expect, and I had put a lot of thought in my "plan of action."

Teasing her a bit, I started going back upwards with my kisses and rubbing, and Sara let out a disappointment moan because she realized a quick pussy-licking cum wasn't going to happen. I wanted to make her hard-cum like never before. I made her open her mouth, and buried my tongue in it.

I forced her legs open wider, and she let out a quick grunt-moan. Neither one of us could wait any longer, so without warning I jammed my cock into her sopping-wet pussy. Sara stifled a scream.

I had told her to tell me if she needed me to back off; we had a safe word and signal. Until I heard otherwise I was going to make her epic first fuck something to tell our grandchildren about... well, when they were old enough for the details.

Sara was tight, but not as tight as I had worried about. I pushed in, and kept my hard cock in her pussy for a couple of minutes without moving... a short period of cock warming.

Soon, I started to wiggle my hips just a bit, and push harder inward. Sara couldn't hold back her reactions and soon screamed out "OH GOD!" without warning as she couldn't tolerate the intensity any longer.

I then started my rhythm, slowly, letting her savor her first fuck. She kept letting out quiet moans and soft grunts as I stroked her pussy oh so slowly. Just as she seemed content with the slow rhythm, I suddenly started stroking faster.

She let out more moans, louder now, and I felt her pussy twitching slightly, so I slowed down. Her back was arching just a bit, and I knew she was close to cumming. I kept delaying her hard-cum by nearly stopping every so often. She knew that tactic, and let out a pity-me moan for the pussy teasing I was giving her. I felt her pussy spasms calm down.

One thing I had planned on was when she got close to cumming again I would whisper to her softly, "I love you so much it hurts." She happy-cried when I said that, possibly because I had never stated my love for her quite that way before.

I had put a lot of thought into such small details because I so wanted to make this day... this special rite-of-passage... incredible for the girl I fell in love with the first time we met. Maybe that sounds corny, I don't care... I fell for her... I fell for her hard... and my love for her has never wavered. She... is... the one!

I knew she was close to cumming again. I had decided to stay in the on-top position during her first cum. I love her, and wanted to make this memorable for myself as well, and in a missionary aspect I could see her expression as she came during her first fuck.

I started slowly stroking her pussy a bit more shallow, and knew I'd be hitting her G-spot with my upward-curving cock. Plus I knew I was getting close to cumming as well, and wanted to delay that by staying shallow. Fucking her shallow really stimulated her.

Just as she got close to cumming I thrust faster and deeper. Sara screamed loudly as she came, arching her back, her body going stiff with body-spasms for several long seconds. I thought she was going to break my cock off with her quick movements.

I thrust for a short while longer, and came myself. My first cum-squirt spasm lasted a long time, and hurt a bit before the follow-up squirts started. I swear Sara's pussy spasmed again as if in reaction to my orgasm. Once again risking overthinking things, such an intense cumming may just be the power of suggestion, or maybe my body knew that it was the first time I had fucked my soul mate, and it reacted accordingly with an intense jizzing.

I believe I came the hardest I've ever cum when I popped Sara's cherry, or at least that's the way I wish to remember the special event. Popping the cherry of the girl I love was just as memorable for me.

I rolled off of Sara, and gasped for breath. I turned to her, and just about when I was to tell her again I loved her, but she told me first. We faced each other, saying nothing and savoring the moment. Sara then said, "thank you... daddy," with a cute giggle. I started to get hard again after she said it. How could that even be possible with a cock that just came really hard a few minutes before?

My plan was to use different positions once I got hard again. Instead, the two of us just lay there facing each other with our arms and legs wrapped around one another, me stroking her hair, and probably smiling broadly.

At risk of sounding boring, we soon fell fast asleep. About an hour later we woke up. We laughed at the concept of this being such a special day, and us falling asleep after our first fuck. I said I was embarrassed that I fell asleep, and Sara repeated back in monotone my mantra to never be embarrassed in front of the people you love blah blah blah, giggling all the while she did so.

It was only our first fuck and Sara was repeating back to me the things I've said to her, as if we were an old married couple. That's special and sad all at the same time.

The quick nap restored our stamina, and Sara's first-fuck anxiety was over, and she wanted more... much more. So, we continued. Cowgirl, doggy, reverse cowgirl, and all those other standard positions were tried, and Sara announced which ones she liked best via her moans and their intensity. I memorized the list so I knew what to do in the future.

We lost track of time, and of how many times we came. We went to the bathroom to piss and clean up, and then went to bed together in a post-cum cuddle. Before we fell asleep I asked Sara if she was happy. She happy-cried a little bit at my question. She squeezed my hand while nodding, then said, "totally" through her happy tears. I just told her over and over how badly I loved her. I couldn't help myself right then... I started kissing her quickly, urgently all over her head, neck, and shoulder areas.

We both cried a bit after I did that, and I held her tightly, pressing her head to mine. She sobbed a bit, and I held her even more tightly, and tried to stifle my own sobs... and failed. God, she is the one... she really and truly is. We just lay there holding each other tightly... enjoying the closeness... enjoying the moment... enjoying our love. After that, whenever someone asked what my feelings were for Sara, I usually kept it simple by saying, "she is my all."

We slept in late, so late that mom came home. She sat next to us on the bed as we slowly awakened. Mom asked Sara about her pussy, and Sara insisted she was only a little sore, and had expected worse. Mom bought a huge take-out breakfast for us to replenish ourselves, but by then it was almost noon. That's how worn out we were.

Mom had an idea to make our post first fuck special. Sara would sit on my hard dick while we ate breakfast, and neither of us would move, so once again cock warming as they call it. That worked well until my cock twitches started getting Sara really horny, yet not cumming. Same for me... I couldn't cum, yet was really close. Mom said, "it'll happen, trust me," so we did.

I was the first on the verge of cumming. Sara's pussy was clamping down hard on my cock, so hard that my cock was now twitching nonstop, and I couldn't stop it no matter how I tried. Sara was almost doubled over she was so close to cumming, yet denied.

Sara's pussy kept spasming and clamping my cock relentlessly, so I shot my load. Sure enough, mom was right. My severe cum spasms put Sara over the edge, and she screamed for the hard-cum she experienced. We were sitting still, yet were a bit out of breath for the hard cums we both had, and at nearly at the same time. Still a bit hard, I stayed inside Sara, and we kissed as if we'd been apart for a year.

Mom cried watching us cum together. She said, "this by itself proves you two are soul mates." Sara and I didn't even have to discuss it, we just went back to the bedroom for Fucking Round 2. Holy shit, we kept going at it for the rest of the day with periods of cuddle-recharging in between the hard pussy pounding.

Mom left us alone, and I felt guilty because I assumed mom was horny herself. But this weekend was all about Sara, and the wonderful first fuck she had. I waited a couple of days before turning my attention to mom's pussy. Mom made me wait a couple more for healing of all the weird mini-scabs on my poor, worn-out cock. I worried Sara had the same issue with her pussy. I knew not to ask because I didn't want to make her feel embarrassed.

On Sunday, the day after our first fuck, Sara couldn't wait to video chat with her girlfriends to tell them the details. Of course, she did it with the 2 of us naked. Her girlfriends have seen me in the bathroom, so there was nothing new to see.

Sara's friends were so jealous of the many hickeys she sported, which is why she wanted us to stay naked for the chat. That week at school the other students saw Sara as a humble sex goddess thanks to her copious overt hickeys. Sara's obvious loss of virginity opened up new options at school.

All of the boys' restrooms at Sara's school had been turned co-ed, sometimes called everyone restrooms, and other names. The co-ed change happened because many girls were frustrated by the overcrowded girls' restrooms, plus it helped establish inclusiveness at their school.

The unwritten rule was that only non-virgins were allowed to use co-ed restrooms, and a girl had to prove herself worthy by letting at least 5 guys watch her pee. Sara had no trouble with that, and then went further with some quick pussy polishing just to get the boys horny.

A pang of jealousy rose up in me which I couldn't hide. Sure enough, Sara loved that I was green over her allowing boys to watch her pee and pussy polish, proving she's still a horn dog! The co-ed school restrooms have no stall doors, so girls have to be able to piss while being watched, or they have to be able to piss standing up at a urinal.

Sara practices peeing upright at home so she can someday prove she's "urinal worthy." I offered to buy her a couple of those pocket-sized piss funnels for women. Sara has a sturdy piss stream, so with practice she might be able to forgo having to use one of those lady funnels.

I keep reminding Sara there're no rolls of toilet paper at urinals, so plan ahead. Hmmm, maybe urinals should have paper holders nearby. After all, there's a push to get guys to dab-dry post-pee for odor control and to prevent UTI's. Of course, you can't put paper into a urinal, so new urinals need to be designed for flushing paper.

The school also created a new co-ed phys ed locker room to accommodate all identities. Sara couldn't wait to use that locker room for gym. I found it weird when Sara told me that girls outnumber guys in that locker room. Sara said, "girls are more open minded, and horny I guess. But, guys have a harder time hiding their horniness in a changing area and in the showers, what with hard-ons being easier to spot than swollen nips an' clits." Well said, Sara.

I'm still green over her being a cock tease to guys at her school, but to be honest if that makes her happy... and horny... then that's OK by me... especially the horny part. I wish we had co-ed lockers rooms and showers back when I was her age.

The love that Sara and I have is special, and we do wish to marry each other. Our mom has no reservations about that, although she wants us to get college degrees. We do want to share our life with our mom, especially given that mom and I will be having a baby together within the next year.

It's probably mom's last chance as she's nearing her late-thirties, yet still has a gorgeous body. I tease mom by saying that if she asked James to father her child it'd have a giant cock if it was a boy, or a huge clit if a girl. She just shook her head and shuddered at the memory of taking James's huge cock in the ass once. I so love smart women with a sense of humor.

Anyway, mom and I have agreed that we'll keep the name of the baby's father a secret. Well, at least until she's a couple-few months away from turning 14, if mom has a girl. Then we'll let her know who her real daddy is, and we'll let her decide what to do about the ritual of pussy training and the all-important first fuck at 14. A daddy's work is never done! And just one final confirmation: we really did fall asleep during Sara's first fuck at 14, and we wouldn't want to remember that special day any other way.

Looking back at pussy training with Sara, some things are obvious. First, both the trainer and trainee learn. That the trainer also learns is important in that the daddy needs to understand a 14 year old girl (if you please pardon the corny metaphor) is a beautiful yet delicate flower.

Sometimes brothers and sisters can have an adversarial relationship, and that can't exist during first fuck at 14 if a brother takes on the role of her surrogate daddy. A 14 year old girl needs a caring and gentle daddy figure for such an important milestone in her life. Such a brother needs to be a caring man, not a horny boy. He doesn't have to be older, but experience is necessary.

Second, the couple should not rush the cherry popping event as that'd be like eloping right before an epic wedding. A first fuck at 14 is a special occasion for a woman, and a memory to be cherished. That memory won't be epic if fucking occurs before the girl's birthday. Guys may not realize that, so that's why I'm stating it here. In other words, be patient. One more thing, I've found that women really are turned on by men who are honest and caring. It seems obvious as I say it, but it wasn't before I met mom and Sara.

I don't deserve having such a wonderful mom and sister in my life, but I'm glad I have them, and can't imagine my life any other way. I think back to when my dad was alive, and wonder what he knew. Did he know he had little time left to live? Did he want to find a good home for me before he died? Did he marry a stunning younger woman with a cute daughter so I'd have them in my life? I'll never have answers to those questions, but still wonder. Regardless... "thanks, dad, you done did good!"

Another thing, James is no longer a virgin. He's now quite self-assured and has a new boyfriend, and we hope he'll be a long-term one. I'm proud to be James's best friend, and his pseudo-brother. I'm also proud that I did go gay for a day to take James's ass virginity, even though he was well past 14.

During the special first fuck event, when I was close to cumming for Round 1, I pulled off my condom, and shot buckets of cum into his ass. I then locked it all in with a giant butt plug, which I kept hidden from view until I jammed it in. The plug was a gift for James from mom and Sara for the event.

After about a half hour I turned the butt plug on, once again startling James because he didn't know it was a vibrator (we really assumed he'd know it was a vibrator as well as plug).

James and I then started Fuck Round 2 much like before, but this time I did the unexpected... I gave James a blowjob. If you're going to go gay for a day, well, maybe performing oral should be included in the mix.

James never expected me to do that as it's not my style, but this was his special day, and what better way to ramp up to an epic hard-cum. When I shifted the vibrator into overdrive, I performed the best blowjob I could manage. And I didn't even have to get drunk to do it.

However, just as James was to blow his load, I stopped the BJ, making him groan. I told him, "not yet, bother, not yet, I'm only going to allow you to hard-cum while I'm plowing your ass, and I'm going to plow your ass hard. I swear to God you won't be able to sit for a week when we're done here today, you get me James?"

James could only manage a confused and feeble, "yeah." I aggressively put James on his back, and firmly yanked the butt plug out of his asshole. I put numbing cream on my cock, then a ribbed condom. I jammed my middle finger inside him (with some of the numbing cream on it), and started fucking his hole with my finger, and he didn't know what to think because he saw my cock was hard with a green ribbed condom. He groaned a bit, and just as he did that I pressed his prostate... I pressed it hard, and I do mean hard. He screamed, "holy... shit!" and suddenly bent forward.

I made sure James saw me smirk. "Scared?" I asked, and continued, "you should be." I squeezed his balls, and stroked his cock, alternating between the two. "Ready?" I asked, then continued, "well, that doesn't matter, does it" adding, "by the way, I took a Viagra, so I'm gonna be hard for a long, long while. If you're a good brother, I might let you cum after I do... buuuut I'm not sure if I will... ya gotta earn the hard-cum, bro."

I rammed my cock into his hole, and started my in & out as fast and as hard as I could manage. I pulled out completely each time, allowing his hole to try to close, then mercilessly rammed my cock in again... and again... over and over. I was also working his cock and balls, squeezing his cock head hard.

When he seemed to be getting close to a cum, I slowed down. "Fuck... please... please," was all he could manage. I was pounding him, and squeezing his cock head and balls with all the strength I could manage.

I wanted James to hard-cum, but only while his ass was being pounded, so when I felt him close to a cum, I took my hands off his cock and balls. He kind of whimpered knowing I was going to keep delaying his cum... a cum he was now desperate for like never before. I kept ramming my cock into his hole, often dripping on cold lube while pulling out... pulling out too far each time, only to ram my cock back in again. Over and over, I kept at it. James just whimpered and groaned.

The numbing cream and the Viagra were doing their jobs. I stayed hard, and neither of us seemed to be cumming anytime soon. I didn't care if I didn't cum at all today... I needed to make James hard-cum... this was his day... this was his cherry popping... this was the day for my brother to become the proud, strong-willed and independent gay man he needed to become. Not much short of him passing out from an epic hard-cumming would be acceptable.

I kept at it... repeating the same things... pulling my cock out too far, then ramming it in again, mercilessly... all while squeezing his balls and cock head hard until he was close to a cum, then stopping, again and again. He whimpered... he jerked his head around in "can't-cum" agony... he whimpered quietly every so often, "please let me cum, please, I can't keep this up, please, I'll lose my fucking mind if I can't cum."

I told James, "get this through your head, I'm going to make you hard-cum, but only after hard-fucking your ass for hours. You'll get no mercy on your first-fuck day!" To be honest, we had set up a safety word and signal, but until he used one or the other... no mercy.

Finally, I felt myself getting close to cumming, and I was sure he was as well. Even if I stopped he was probably too far along such that he would cum regardless because we had been at this for so long. We probably broke a world record for longest guy-fucking without a cumming. I only wish I had a Viagra for both of us, but didn't. Frankly, James never needs to take a Viagra, and I'm sort of jealous of him for that as well.

I knew it wouldn't take much more stimulation before he had the epic hard-cum I was hoping for. I ripped off my condom, and jammed my cock into his hole, and stayed there not moving, still granite hard. I grabbed his cock head and squeezed it hard, then released it, then

squeezed it hard again. He leaned forward in pleasure-pain each time I squeezed his swollen cock head... grunting and moaning.

I felt his first cum spasm start, and I keep squeezing his cock head, not allowing his cum to erupt outward. Just as the first spasm reached it's peak I released his cock head. He arched his back, and a huge rope of cum shot over his head, followed by another, and then another. Each time he cum-spasmed James let out a low groan. I was still inside his hole, very hard, keeping his hole open, but not yet cumming myself.

James relaxed after he finished cumming. "Oh no you don't," I said, as I started hard-fucking him hard again. James was startled because he maybe forgot about my not yet cumming. He just lay there like a limp doll taking more ass pounding, but it wasn't really that much because I soon came myself. I didn't bother sealing in my cum but just pulled out, rolled over onto my back desperately gasping for breath, as was James. What the shit, I did all the hard work, and James was also out of breath? I felt like asking, "what the fuck, dude?" but didn't.

The two of us just lay there staring up at the ceiling. I had checked with Sara to confirm what I should do next, and she agreed with me. I turned to James, and matter-of-factly said, "I love you, James, and I always will." James just started sobbing, and hard, so I held him tight from the side.

Sara said that that would happen, and I was ready for it. I gently stroked his hair, and then his arm, holding him as tightly as I could. I didn't say anything, just I gave him the physical support he needed right there and then by holding him tightly and stroking him in various places.

When his sobbing slowed down, James managed a hoarse, "I love you, too... thank you... I'll never forget this day."

"Sooo," I said, "epic?"

James cried a bit more, nodded, and then managed, "holy shit, it's like you knew exactly... (sobbing a bit)... fucking exactly... what I wanted...no, make that like, what I desperately needed. How... how the fuck did you know exactly what I needed... how?" and he trailed off happy-crying some more.

I matter-of-factly repeated, "I knew because you're my brother, and I love you, and I care about you, and I always will." James cried hard some more, but quickly stopped, and just enjoyed the tenderness of the moment.

I continued, "just because I'm not gay doesn't mean I can't give you the love you deserve. I'll always be here for you. I guess I'm calling for second dibs on your ass, should you need me." There were so many ways I could've cracked a joke, but I knew not to. Not on this day... never on such a special day. As a rule, I never cracked any gay jokes unless James cracked one first. That was always my self-imposed rule.

I continued some more, "James, please tell me you'll always be in our lives... me, Sara, mom. Please promise me."

James was crying again, and could only manage a hoarse, “yeah,” and a nod. I still can’t believe it took so long for James to have his ass-cherry popped. Sara was right, James wanted me to have the honor to fuck him his first time, and wouldn’t allow any other guy the privilege. He never stated that fact, but I knew it... because... I’m his best friend... I’m his best friend for life... I’m his brother. The words to say important shit weren’t always necessary between us. Having James in my life is just as special as is having mom and Sara.

I merely thanked James for the honor of being his first fuck, and kept holding him. He was trying desperately to control his emotions, and absolutely failing... sobbing hard on and off for a while. I didn’t care if he cried... he’s my best friend... and he’s the man I have the honor to call “brother.” Yes, I said “the man” because today he became a man.

I expect James to be an uncle to the child mom and I are going to have in the next year or so. James will be my best man when I marry Sara. James will be an uncle to our children.

I hope that James will ask me to be his best man when he marries. When James and his future husband adopt children, I hope to act as an uncle. I expect to be there when he receives his college degree, and to be at all the other important events in his life, and he at all the important events in mine.

Today James became a man, and I hope I’m worthy of being his best friend and brother going forward. James deserves to be happy, and to live a long, love-filled life. Sorry to go off on this “James tangent,” but it just seemed like a good time to do so.

Anyway... James is like a brother to Sara as well, and she now sometimes asks him to fuck her. Heck, that’s what caring brothers are for, right? James and I have even double-fucked Sara as a “brotherly love” treat for her. When that happens Sara and James are so horny... and so happy. That’s enjoyable to witness.

Sara’s quite proud she can now readily take James’s giant cock in her cute pussy. James will occasionally fuck mom, too, and I know mom longs to be pummeled by his giant cock. As thanks for fucking mom and Sara when I’m too tired to fuck them myself, I’ll later give James a hard ass pounding from the front because my upward-curving cock strokes the shit out of his prostate, making him moan until he hard-cums.

James sometimes comments afterward, “you seem to be going gay for a day quite often considering how often you pound my ass.” Honestly, James is a such a close friend, and the brother I never had, so I’ll go gay every day if it’ll make him happy. Still, there’s not enough lube on the planet for me to allow James’s giant cock to be rammed into my ass. Well, not today at least. No one knows what the future holds. I’ll have to start using giant butt plugs to open up my asshole, and then stock up on a shitload of lube... a shitload!

I like how our family fucking has brought us all closer. Mom, Sara and I want to have a five-way with James and his new life-mate someday, and Sara wants to know if a new prostate-massaging technique she developed will work well.

On a similar subject, Sara has a slightly-younger cousin, Jeremy. His mom is remarried, and lives in another state. Jeremy never sees his mom, and he’s an only child so he has no

siblings. Sara and Jeremy aren't close as they seldom see each other, even though he lives nearby. I think mom doesn't like Jeremy's dad, and I know not to ask mom for details.

Mom got permission from his dad for Jeremy spend this Summer with us, and it's obvious why he should. Jeremy's nerdy and super shy, plus he's a virgin. Sara wants to be his official cock trainer, and also wants to act as his surrogate sister for Jeremy's first fuck at 14 in late Summer. Heck, that's what caring sisters are for, right?

Sara and I have talked about what cock training would consist of. I actually had little input because Sara had already come up with a concise list, probably because she's been thinking about it for a while. That once again proves my sister is a horn dog, and I so love that about her! Then again, she's her mother's daughter, and mom is just as horny. I have two needy pussies in our house to help prevent any relapse of blueballitis. I'm glad I have James to help out on occasion with fucking mom and Sara.

Regarding a boy's first fuck at 14, it's a different sort of rite of passage. That is, some boys are allowed to fuck their mom, and often they fuck their older sisters, after their cherries are popped. It's just what many families allow or encourage for boys.

So, a boy's first fuck at 14 may be more symbolic than an actual first fuck to pop their cherry. It's more complicated for gay and lesbian teens, at least to me because I'm no expert and easily confused. Plus various areas of the U.S. seem to have different first fuck customs, and urban versus rural areas differ, and so forth.

I'll ask Sara to write up her story of Jeremy's cock training and first fuck at 14 after Summer's over. Jeremy did stay with us for a little over one week during the year-end holidays, so this Summer will be truly epic based on that week. I'd like to go into some of those details because they make Sara and I horny relating them, not that I like it when my sister is horny or anything, right?

During that week, mom and Sara had a lot of fun getting Jeremy horny, then more horny, and then even more horny, then finally pleasuring him. And... what the shit, the kid is fucking huge! Why do all the other guys mom and Sara pleasure have cocks much bigger than mine? OK, OK, I do always have the biggest balls, and mom & Sara are both ball girls, so I have that going for me. But still, why do I always have the smallest cock? Why? Shit!

I did get really horny watching mom and Sara cock-tease Jeremy during that week. While he was staying here Jeremy wasn't allowed to touch himself. How can a boy of 13 not touch himself, especially when mom and Sara are often cock teasing him, such as with a three-way shower (where mom and Sara did all the washing), followed by sensual body shaving?

Mom and Sara took their time shaving his balls, slowly stretching the skin for each draw of the razor. To get his balls to droop for easier shaving they sprayed warm water on his balls for several minutes at the end of their shower. Speaking from experience, warming up a guy's balls increases his horniness. I'm surprised the poor kid didn't pass out from his severe, long-lasting horniness because with a cock that big he'd have little blood left for his brain. Shit!

They'd punish Jeremy for a touching-himself infraction by making him wear only a cock sock around the house. They'd also clean out his ass, and insert a teen-sized butt plug. Each additional infraction meant another cock sock was added on.

To create a cock sock, mom or Sara take a guy's sock, and roll it up from the top so there isn't quite enough length left to fit his hard on. They then stretch it out and put the rolled-up part down onto his cock, and then force it back behind his balls, allowing the rolled-up part to snap into place behind his balls. That means his balls would pull away from his body, making him even hornier. Plus, the toe-end of the sock would push down on his cock head because it's too short on purpose. The more cock socks they installed, the hornier the kid got from his balls pulled out away from his body. Plus, the inside of a sock rubbing against his cock desensitizes it, almost like applying numbing cream.

Jeremy would just sit with his cock twitching in frustration, all while not being allowed to touch himself. Mom and Sara would be right there watching, and they'd be naked, which seemed to make Jeremy's cock twitching worse. Try as they might they could not get him to auto-jizz without any contact.

When they'd finally decide to have pity on Jeremy's poor, desperate cock, they'd add yet another cock sock, pulling Jeremy's balls out even further. They squeeze and massage his stretched-out balls, but not allow him a balls-only cum. Because his balls were pulled so far away from his body, and the head of his cock was being pushed down on (not allowing a full hard on), I don't think he could even manage a balls-only cum.

Then mom and Sara would double-team Jeremy. One would take out his butt plug, and start slowly finger fucking his butt hole, after applying lots of cold lube, but not yet massaging his prostate. The other would work up front, but not take off his cock socks. The rough fabric of the inside sock rubbed against his cock. He'd be so, so close to a hard-cum. He'd plead with them to allow him to shoot his pent-up jizz. Mom and Sara were in their glory, and dripping wet.

Then mom and Sara would go into hyper-cum mode. Up front Jeremy's cock was stroked, and his stretched-out balls squeezed. Out back a one-finger prostate massage would be started. Quickly, Jeremy would howl for the intense cum spasming he'd have, hard-cumming like never before. He'd sort of collapse, and have a huge goofy, grin on his face, and try to say "thanks."

Afterwards, to prevent a UTI, they'd make him piss, clean up around his butt hole, and wash all the jizz from around his now-limp cock. OK, make that "...his GIANT now-limp cock." Shit! The intertwined cock socks would weigh a ton for all the warm jizz in them. Sara would dump a thick stream of Jeremy's jizz out of the cock socks into the sink. The kid's a jizz-generating monster! The kid must've jizzed out a good quart being so pent-up, and for so long.

After his sensual, caring clean-up, Mom and Sara would send Jeremy to bed naked, except for putting on one clean cock sock, but rolled up with plenty of room for his night woodie to grow, and with a strict warning that he not touch himself.

Mom would usually give Jeremy a post-cum cuddle until he fell asleep. Not having lived with his mom for a long time, and not having a step-mom either, Jeremy needed such mothering. Mom sometimes spooned with Jeremy all through the night if she had the time. Sara was happy to help as well, if only to develop her maternal abilities.

Mom tried to teach him to be a caring spooner rather than a needy spoonee. Mom always taught Sara and I that whether you're a spooner or spoonee shouldn't depend on your gender... it's all about caring and sharing. And as always, communication is key.

That night mom wondered wonder why Jeremy couldn't get to sleep even with her giving him a post-cum cuddle. Then mom had an inspiration. She warmed up a thin butt plug (plain, with no vibrator, and sized for teens), added a little warm lube, then gently pushed it into Jeremy's asshole. He fell fast asleep.

Could it be that Jeremy is more relaxed when he's got a thin butt plug in him, or he's a cock warmer? After he's made a man, maybe I'll ask Jeremy if he'd like to warm my cock as a way for him to relax at bedtime. Maybe he'd like to do that all night. I try to be open minded on such subjects, and I never give a shit if I'm ribbed at school for it.

James told me that he has a buddy who enjoys being a cock warmer, even all through the night. James doesn't see the appeal, but then he's just lost his virginity, so he's never tried it as either the warmer or the warmee. Guys our age usually have a hard-on the entire time we're sleeping, so an all-night cock warming session is possible, at least in theory.

After Jeremy fell asleep, Mom, Sara and I would then have a three-way because we'd all be so fucking horny. The day before Jeremy had to leave we decided to let Jeremy join us for a four-way, but he couldn't fuck or be fucked because we wanted him to remain an actual virgin until his fourteenth birthday.

Jeremy did get quite an education watching me fuck mom and Sara. Jeremy wasn't too shy about asking a lot of questions regarding sex, especially about what you might call caring sex, which is a good sign. That Jeremy asked questions because he wanted to become more caring really pleased mom and Sara.

Jeremy got his first-ever blowjob from Sara right then, which was so overdue. Then again, Jeremy has never had a girlfriend or boyfriend, never sees his mom, has no step-mom, and is an only child. So he has no one to give him blowjobs. Mom and I gave Sara and Jeremy privacy during his first blowjob so he wasn't self conscience. Sara confirmed his copious jizz-production ability.

One small downer to Jeremy's week-long stay... I had to often teach Jeremy how to be a gentleman because his dad seems to have omitted that all-important part of his education. Maybe we also need to draft a list of things to teach Jeremy for him to become a gentleman and caring sex partner. Or, maybe that sort of education needs to be rolled into the list of rules and goals for cock training that Sara has drafted. That sort of proves how different pussy training and cock training are.

Now I see why my mom doesn't like Jeremy's dad if that guy never taught his son how to act properly around women. I now realize what a great teacher my dad was in that regard, and I now see why mom and Sara have always been attracted to me, once calling me "empathy endowed." Thanks, dad!

I wish I could go back in time to right before dad died so I could thank him. When I was younger I didn't realize what a good job he did raising me, especially considering his struggles as a single father. I miss my dad just as much as mom does. His birthday is a sad day at our house, and so is the anniversary of his passing.

On those anniversary days Sara and I practically give mom bruises for all the strong hugs and cuddles we give her throughout the day. I spend the night before and after with mom, and insist that she tell me her true needs. I'll do anything to take her sadness away at those times. Sure, I'm sad about my dad as well, but mom's emotional needs trump mine, and always will.

Getting back to Jeremy's holiday stay, mom and Sara soon decided to not allow him to wear anything around the house except a too-tight cock sock and butt plug. They also taught him proper body shaving (a.k.a. grooming), and explained that any girl would expect him to be properly groomed before allowing him a second or third base opportunity, or before performing a hand job or BJ on him. They also told him to ignore locker room teasing about being shaved. Guys who don't groom, and who tease those of us who are shaved, never seem to have girlfriends. Not too many girls are into lazy, shallow slob who're hairy.

A couple of Sara's girlfriends were over one day, and Jeremy wasn't allowed to wear anything other than one cock sock and his favorite butt plug. So, he was kind of covered up, but not really. It helped that he was body shaved, so no pubes showed. The girls took photos of Jeremy posing in his cock sock, mostly for them to masturbate to. Jeremy had a raging hard on while posing... OK... make that "a GIANT raging hard-on."

I think that photo shoot took Jeremy's shyness down one notch, but he still needs to lose much more of his bashfulness around girls. If those girls saw him fully naked, and hard, he'd've likely passed out from embarrassment. Their horny-giggles never stopped while visiting. I can't imagine how wet they got seeing a 13 year old boy naked except for a cock sock barely covering his balls & huge boner, and a little purple butt plug jammed in his ass.

The cock sock was a great idea in that it made Jeremy somewhat naked at our home, but not completely. Being semi-naked or naked at home was part of Sara's pussy training agenda, so, Sara will add a similar requirement to her cock training rules for Jeremy. After all, all genders should be treated equally.

During her pussy training I think Sara would've gone titties out to school because she was so happy being dressed that way at home, as was any guy who visited. Plus it's more healthy for a developing girl to have her titties exposed to the open air, instead of compressed to conform to the odd shape of some improperly-sized bra. Developing girls dislike having their titties and nipples squashed inside a bra.

And don't even get me started about how unhealthy and weird-looking training bras are. What the fuck are training bras even "training" for shit's sake? Quite literally, no one knows. They're still sold, but have lost popularity.

Girls can't wait for their titties to start growing, but once they do some of them are forced to compress what little tittage they have with a training bra. Everyone realizes that training bras are intended only to hide developing titties, especially during hormonal surges when for many days in a row a girl's titties are swollen and her nipples overly sensitive.

Why treat young women like idiots by making them wear training bras? Back in my grand-dad's day many girls preferred to wear two layers, such as a camisole or undershirt beneath a lightweight top, instead of ugly training bars.

By the way, brothers should be instructed as to why they shouldn't tease their sisters when their tits start developing. We all develop, and no one should be humiliated for something that's a natural part of life. If anything, every stage of life should be celebrated.

A classmate of mine used to shower every day with his developing sister so he could gently massage her swollen tits to alleviate the pain caused by her hormone surges. Sister and brother are closer than before because of his caring. She's also an expert at performing hand jobs, for some totally unrelated reason.

Likewise big sisters should help ease the discomfort their brothers experience when they go through similar male hormonal surges. Sisters have been easing blue balls discomfort since our caveman days. That's what family is for. That is, love, care and support should trump conservative repression in a family.

Even before her titties started developing, mom said that Sara would go "titties out" into the back yard for a quick trip to the garbage cans because she has always been a cock tease to the boys next door. Likewise, those boys will yank down their shorts and start a jerk fest when they see Sara outside, so it works both ways in our back yards.

Sara sometimes asks me to be a pussy tease to the neighbor-boys' MILF and sister with a fast "cock & balls out" jaunt to the garbage cans clad in only a t-shirt not quite long enough to cover anything below the waist. There's no way I can avoid sporting a severe boner because being a pussy tease automatically makes me hard. Now I know why girls love being a cock tease.

Our MILF-neighbor often sunbathes nude, even in cool weather. Sometimes one of her sons or her daughter will lay on top of her for some bare-ass tanning. It doesn't take long for the MILF-mom to decide to care for her son's woodie, or her daughter's drippy pussy. Again, it's a natural part of family life. Plus, it's hot as shit to watch, but natural.

Anyway, getting back to cock training... allowing a change up in revealing, around-the-house clothing might be good. During pussy training, girls like to wear different types of panties, such as plain, thong, boxer, see-through, crotchless, etc. Likewise, boys undergoing cock training should alternate between a cock sock and tiny swimmer's jock straps. Colorful butt plugs sized for teens add to the fun for all genders.

Thinking ahead to Summer, and Jeremy's visit, I want to help Sara create some special cock socks for Jeremy so his ball-sack is exposed, which is more ball-healthy. That way when Sara's girlfriends visit they'd also be able to view Jeremy's balls.

Much like thong swimwear for women is now the norm, we've heard that "balls-out" speedo-style swimwear will soon be a beachwear trend for guys. That trend seems overdue given the health benefits from balls being exposed for unrestricted drooping and proper cooling. It's not natural to compress a guy's balls, or not allow them to droop to maintain proper temperature.

Sara gets wet thinking about me wearing speedo-style swimwear with my giant balls exposed. She especially loves to see them when they droop, because they look even bigger, or so she says. Sara can't wait until such progressive swimwear is readily available. I'm not sure I want to be the first guy at the beach wearing a balls-out speedo, if only because repressive police officers might decide to fine me, or make me cover up, or leave.

Police still sometimes give parents a hard time when kids under 8 go naked on the beach or at the town pool. The state law was changed years ago to allow children under 8 to be naked in public. Some exceed the age 8 limit because we've seen developing girls topless, and bare-ass boys dripping pre-cum from their little woodies at the beach. To me, if parents wish for their daughter's titties or son's woodies to be open to the air, that's fine. Again, the health benefits of open-air nipples, titties and balls are well known.

I'm not shy, especially when it comes to showing off my big balls. I do like the concept of allowing my balls to stay cool with a balls-out speedo because that swimwear is usually too warm and restrictive. Maybe balls-out speedos will catch on at the town pool first. It's weird that male thong swimwear never caught on, but then a lot of guys still don't body shave, so apparently no one wants to see hairy asses. Anyway, balls-out swimwear is coming, and it's great that the health benefits from exposed balls will finally trump old-fashioned repression. Yeah, I repeat myself over and over when I'm excited about something.

Sara's also excited that "nips out" swimwear will supposedly be the next trend for women, now that thong swimwear is universal for all ages. With her mild gumdrop nipples, Sara's exposed nips would be a huge hit at the beach or town pool. There's also the health benefit with exposed nipples, especially for developing girls. That trend may take a while to catch on given that nursing mothers had to cover up for years at feeding time, or when they needed to breast pump to prevent a blockage, or to store their milk.

Again, health benefits are finally trumping old-fashioned repression, but it seems to take forever. For example, some of the guys at school now wear mini-kilts. Mini-kilts aren't really that short. They're longer than miniskirts, which confuses a lot of people, but they are shorter than regular, old-fashioned, below-the-knee kilts.

Mini-kilts typically hang just above the knees, although it depends on how tall the wearer is. The mini-kilt tradename is likely a marketing ploy to make them popular with teens and pre-teens, rather than describing their actual length. The name does make conservative parent nervous.

Mini-kilts are a fairly new fashion trend, but outside of schools you don't see too many guys wearing them just yet. However, many younger boys are taking to the mini-kilt fad in grade schools. More boys from kindergarten through grade 4 are starting to wear them. Parents appreciate the fact that kilts aren't outgrown as fast as pants, and don't have such specific sizing, like pants, so the correct size is easier to find.

Most boys aren't bashful about being seen in their underwear, so having their underwear occasionally exposed while wearing a mini-kilt doesn't bother them. Sometimes boys like to show off their new or unique underwear when wearing a kilt. Boys really get into different styles and colors of underwear, e.g., superhero, movie themed, identity-flag, etc.

Likewise, tights on boys and men is another popular trend, as are compression pants (which are essentially heavy-weight tights). Tights (typically without a fly) and compression pants worn with mini-kilts is a popular form of dressing outside of Summer, or for outdoors. Another benefit of tights, besides warmth, is that a guy can delay body shaving. Darker-colored underwear and tights are less revealing, as are compression pants. That's a plus for anyone bashful, or experiencing hormone surges.

Some private grade schools have added mini-kilts to their offering of school uniforms. They are more comfortable than khakis that bind when a child sits, and pants often have wrinkles which need ironing or dry cleaning. Tights are often paired with them in a school color or black, especially in cooler weather.

Some brands of children's kilts can be expanded at the side seams, and lengthened at the bottom hem, so the kilts can be enlarged so they fit a child for a longer period of time, unlike pants which seem to become too short too quickly.

Another boon from the mini-kilt trend is that it promotes inclusivity because kilts are gender-neutral. The same can be said for tights and compression pants. Young people are always ahead of the curve when it comes to being open-minded, and developing empathy.

Mom and Sara have bought me a couple mini-kilts as gifts. When I first modeled one for Sara she pulled it off me faster than I had put it on, and not because she didn't like it... she liked it too much... as in it made her horny.

At school some of the guys wearing mini-kilts try to get away with going commando. I tried that only one time at school, and ended up with cold balls from sitting on a cold, plastic chair seat. I guess my guy bubble-butt makes the back hem of the kilt ride up when I sit, uncovering my balls so they contact the cold seat. I might need a little longer mini-kilt because I have long legs.

After that happened I quickly put on a pair of boxer briefs from my locker, and I put them on right out in the busy hallway. No more cold balls. That's another advantage of wearing mini-kilts: you can change your underwear out in the open.

By the way, wearing baggy boxers is just wrong under a mini-kilt, as is wearing any pair of boring underwear, like dorky tighty whities with their ever-present front pee dots which no one wants to see. There are so many pluses when guys wear kilts – I'm totally hooked.

A few days after getting my new kilts, Sara and I visited the local coffee shop, and she had asked me to wear one of my new mini-kilts, insisting I go commando (it was a warm day, so my balls didn't mind). The shop wasn't crowded, but all the women stared (most were MILF's), as did one guy-couple.

Before we sat down, some horny old biddie pulled my kilt up to get a peek at what I had underneath, then quipped, "what nice big 'nads you have, young man... very nice indeed." Many customers got a good view while my kilt was lifted up in front, which was perhaps her goal.

Sara was proud to be out and about with me that day, and almost seemed to give the old biddy a look as if to say, "hey, those 'nads belong to me and my mom, so keep your shriveled-up old hands off my brother's balls you old hag!" But Sara was polite, and said, "thank you for giving my step-brother a nice compliment."

Note to self: never fuck any woman other than Sara and our mom, otherwise Sara will kick my ass (honestly, I'd love it if she did). I think I can butt-fuck any guy I want, but maybe only if it's a three-way with Sara and mom, or a special first fuck for family. I'm not sure.

Before we exited the coffee shop a little later, the guy couple asked us about my mini-kilt. Sara had made me sit so what was under my kilt was in view. The couple was perhaps trying not to stare, and failed. I let Sara answer, and she explained where her & mom bought them; about how many guys were taking to the new trend; what to wear under them; what non-woolen fabrics they were made from; and what the side slits supposedly represented on anyone over 18.

Sara purposely showed them the features of the kilt, pulling it up in front so they'd get a good look, and then held the front up for a long while discussing what to wear underneath. She made sure they knew she was my step sister. I think she likes to shock people who find fault with step sex being so ubiquitous, especially in teenagers.

I'm unsure how popular the two types of side slits are, and what they represent. Some side slits go halfway up, while others go all the way up to the waistband. I was told that single guys in a relationship wear mini-kilts with half-way up side slits, and single guys who're available don mini-kilts with full-length slits.

Non-binary and transgender wearers have similar identification features on their mini-kilts (like a slit on only one side), but I'm unable to keep pace with those trends. It all reminds me of old-fashioned status or preference signals, like: beards (only on married men in some cultures); single earrings; exposed-hankies or do rags in specific colors; tats & their locations; etc.

I knew ahead of time Sara would probably pull up the front of my kilt (do I know my horny little sister or what?). The anticipation was exciting, so I couldn't avoid sporting a healthy boner when she lifted the front up. So, the guy-couple got a really good look, as did a couple of MILF's.

I think a few of the customers got hot and bothered thinking about how a sweet, underage blond would pull up the front of her step-brother's kilt without hesitation to show off his boner and balls. Sometimes I think Sara wants to be the poster child for step sex.

Everyone at school knows her step brother gave Sara her first fuck, and that we continue to have a fuck-a-day relationship. Since her first fuck, Sara has been told by some of her classmates they also have step sex, or have a long-term sexual relationship with a step sibling or step cousin. But they don't seem to want too many people to know.

I've heard much the same thing from my classmates, even though I don't broadcast our relationship as loudly as Sara does. Mom said some of her classmates attended their high-school prom with a step sibling, and they were initially embarrassed to do so, until they found that no one seemed to care. Mom said the prom king and queen were step brother and sister in the year after she graduated.

I'm not ashamed of my sexual relationship with Sara because I'll tell anyone who wants to listen that I'm madly in love with my incredible step sister. It's still amazing how commonplace step sex is. Maybe it's more the rule than the exception today. That concept of step sex is hot just in itself to anyone who doesn't have such an opportunity.

Only-child friends and classmates of mine wish they had siblings, which is the opposite of the way things used to be. My dad always said his parents disliked growing up with siblings because that meant less money for them, or having to share a bedroom. How times change.

I knew that the coffee shop encounter would make Sara horny, and she pleaded for me to 69 her as soon as we found a parking spot with some privacy. FYI, privacy for an urgent 69 is why there's a blanket in the car. But then again if you're careful, wearing a kilt provides plenty of blowjob privacy, another positive kilt feature. Anyway, later on when Sara and I got home she was horny again. Sara has no on-off switch marked "horny." Shit!

I always knew that showing me off to others really got Sara's juices flowing, but it's even better with me in a mini-kilt, and commando-style. Sara's going to get me arrested for displaying a boner in public when she lifts up my kilt for several minutes at a time.

Holy shit, I'm buying a dozen mini-kilts... why the fuck did this mini-kilt trend take so long to get started? Kilts really make women horny, even strange old biddies in a coffee shop! Who knew?

Anyway, finally getting back to discussing repression in American society... even unisex or "everyone" restrooms in public buildings are still the exception instead of the rule given that those laws were changed quite a few years ago. Many restaurants and coffee shops have "everyone restrooms." Young patrons seemingly use them most often, and women, too. Young members of society are always the most accepting and open minded it seems, as are females. Anyone under age 40 seemingly thinks nothing of using an everyone restroom. It's only older adults who sometimes have issues with them.

One time when Sara and I went to that same coffee shop with a couple of her girlfriends, we all used the everyone restroom together before we left. It's really small, so it doesn't have

room for stalls, instead having 3 toilets side-by-side, and one small urinal without side panels. Afterward it hit me how not one of us was bashful using such a restroom. But then both of Sara's friends have brothers, and live in a house with open-door bathrooms, so they're not self-conscious, and are at ease with what's exposed when peeing.

Next time we go there as a group of four I'll wear a mini-kilt, go commando, hike up my kilt to piss. Sara has told me her girlfriends envy her for having a step-brother, especially one who's older, and has sexual experience along with big bare balls.

As time goes on it seems logic and normalcy are finally replacing conservative repression. Everyone has to pee, so what's the big deal with pissing while others can see? Frankly, the piss troughs at sports-stadium rest rooms seem difficult for me to use when I take vitamin C in high dosages during cold and flu season.

Having fluorescent orange piss is embarrassing, and all the other guys at the piss trough will stare, regardless of the universal urinal rule saying that you never stare at other guys when pissing. But then orange piss is just so fucked up, it's hard not to stare at the guy spraying it out his pecker into the trough... all while holding up the front of his mini-kilt displaying his big bare balls to the world. Yep, I still get teased for body shaving, or at least weird looks. My mom and sis love shaving my body... it's almost a form of foreplay for us.

Sara's girlfriends love their brothers, but say it's sad they can't marry them because they don't want to bear children with flippers, or a tail, or some other weird inbred shit. Hmmm, maybe Sara will allow me to "be a step-brother for a day" for those two. Nah, I doubt it. By the way, both girls are smoking hot. I hope it's OK to dream about "go step for a day." Wait, that saying doesn't rhyme.

Anyway, getting back to Sara's cousin, after Jeremy went to bed each night that week, my mom and sister would insist on me taking care of their horniness. It's a tough job, but somebody has to do it. So having Jeremy around was a boon for me.

It's obvious Jeremy is in need of cock training due to his lack of knowledge and experience, and his severe shyness. That in itself makes my mom and sister horny. Shit, I'm not sure what doesn't make them horny. Thanks, Jeremy.

One more thing, Sara and I wonder if Jeremy also likes boys. We'll have to perform some tests over Summer to determine that. If so, he might need a double First Fuck at 14, initially with Sara as Jeremy's first pussy fuck, and then maybe with me to gently pop his ass cherry with a mild back door fuck. Or, maybe Jeremy would prefer James... except that James has a giant cock. So, a small cock is probably best for a boy of 14 during his first ass fucking. Once again a small cock has it's benefits.

We'll have to give priority to using a series of ever-bigger butt plugs to open up Jeremy's asshole if he wants some ass fucking. With my upward curving cock, I can stroke his prostate if I fuck him from the front, which he'd really enjoy. Just because my cock isn't much bigger than average doesn't mean it lacks advantages over really big ones.

Jeremy is already accustomed to ass cleanings, and he actually seems to enjoy them... a lot. That was one red flag making us wonder about Jeremy's sexual preferences. We just want Jeremy to have his all-important first fuck at 14, and learn how to be a responsible, sexually-active adult.

That is, we just don't care about Jeremy's orientation or preference details. He's a good guy, and deserves to live a happy life given the shitty life he has with no mom at home or nearby; an angry & uncaring dad who's raising him; and no siblings at home to masturbate with or help him deal with his blue balls. Jeremy's dad won't even allow him to use the bathroom at home with the door open. No wonder Jeremy is shy if he's never had the chance to get used to being seen naked at home.

As a parting gift, Sara wanted to do something special for Jeremy to remember his week-long stay with us and, more so, make him really want to come back in Summer. I helped Jeremy shower, giving special attention to wash his little ball sack, giving it a good scrubbing, making sure it was clean in all the shriveled nooks, and underneath. Jeremy stared at my giant balls and hard cock the whole time, and wasn't ashamed to do so. Of course, he had a raging boner that kept twitching in the shower, and you could see he really wanted to stroke it, but mom and Sara's masochistic don't-touch-it training made him leave it alone. Poor kid!

Before we finished, I held the shower wand against his balls for a few minutes to force them to droop from the warm water, making the poor kid all the more horny from warmed balls. After he was dry I applied numbing cream to the upper part of his giant cock. He said the cream felt warm, and that he liked that effect. I told him to go to Sara's room for a special parting gift.

Sara gave Jeremy an oral ball massage. Sara loved giving it because she can't do the same to me (both my balls can't fit in her mouth). Then she jammed a new prostate vibrator into his ass, one we had bought as a going-away gift for Jeremy. Sara stroked his big cock, but the numbing cream kept him from cumming. Jeremy was tormented, but soon had an intense cum with his balls inside Sara's mouth, and a new vibrator jammed into his ass working his prostate to force it to release all the jizz it held with severe squirt spasms.

Jeremy collapsed afterwards with a huge smile on his face, weakly mumbling a teary-eyed, "thank you, Sara, that was the best." It killed mom and I to not be able to watch, but we wanted Jeremy relaxed and at ease during his one-on-one with Sara, the loving cousin who'll perform his cock training, and who'll soon give him his important first fuck at 14 as his surrogate big sister.

Anyway, after getting his special gift from Sara, Jeremy pissed, and then we cleaned both him and his new toy. Then he got dressed, we hugged him goodbye, and we all cried. Jeremy said he'd never had such a good time, and begged us to allow him to visit one weekend a month. We had to tell him that was his dad's decision, but he'd definitely be back for Summer, and we'd make it the best Summer of his life.

We laughed because Jeremy's cock let out a giant twitch inside his pants as we told him that he'd be back. Shit, the kid was already hard again after having a severe cum with Sara; and his huge cock poked up well past the top of his pants. I think Jeremy broke my long-standing

jizz-volume record because there was a shitload of his jizz embedded in Sara's hair after her goodbye oral ball massage.

Sara said all that jizz was the world's best hair conditioner and skin softener. Mom said to her, jokingly, "what the shit Sara, you stink of jizz; go shower it out." So Sara decided to instead stand right there rubbing the jizz into her hair. Mom and Sara never cease cracking me up.

I decided to make things special, so I swooped up a giggling Sara, and carried her into the shower, but only after first ripping off her skimpy nightshirt. I pampered her by giving her a slow, soapy all-over massage and thorough hair washing in the shower, and then lovingly dried her off. I was worried she'd be sad with Jeremy leaving, and I wanted to give her some extra-special pleasures. She deserves such treatment.

Sara knew right away why I was doing it all, and tearfully whispered to me while we were in the shower, "this is the kind of thing you need to teach Jeremy this Summer... how to treat women right. I am so totally in love with you, especially when you do special shit like this." I just held her tightly as she started to sob uncontrollably.

I don't think I could've held her any more tightly for the sobbing erupting from her. I just kept whispering in her ear, "Sara, I love you so fucking much it hurts." She just nodded and sobbed. We had the most epic sex ever... that is, I fucked her silly. How can Sara and I not marry each other some future day? Mom smiled while watching us, proud of her kids' deep love for each other.

While packing Jeremy's things, Sara secretly stashed a dozen pre-rolled cock socks and a few colorful, skimpy jock straps into Jeremy's duffle bag for wearing at home. Mom and Sara also bought him three mini-kilts to start wearing to school, and Sara added those as well.

Jeremy videoed us to say he started wearing the cock socks at home after school before his dad got home from work, and at night in bed. He also said his new toy was great, and he worried he might wear it out before Summer. He uses it every morning in the shower to help alleviate his morning wood.

Jeremy has a classmate living next door who's younger than him, and he'll wear either a cock sock or a brightly-colored mini-jock when they hang out together after school. She'll go titties out for him, and prefers boxer panties. Jeremy says those are his favorite style of panties. His neighbor-girlfriend told him she thought he was brave to be the first guy at their school to wear mini-kilt. Soon, other guys at school were following the trend.

Maybe Jeremy is slowing turning into a stud, thanks to mom and Sara. He deserves it. Maybe only studs wear mini-kilts. Those words would look great on a t-shirt.

Sara and I wondered if Jeremy might wind up as his neighbor's surrogate brother in another year for her first fuck at 14, and maybe he'll help her with her pussy training before that.

We told Jeremy the next step would be a date night, and then he should ask her if it was OK for them to masturbate next to each other, without any touching, at least until he learns more this Summer. I stressed that he should always be a gentleman when around her, and made

him promise to text or video us often for help with that. He's slowly coming out of his shell. Good for him!

Sara is so excited thinking about next Summer when she'll be able to teach her naive cousin all about sex, and then make him a man on his fourteenth birthday. Sara is so happy (and horny!) just thinking about overseeing Jeremy's cock training. I'm actually not jealous that he'll have nonstop cums day after day with Sara. I actually envy Jeremy.

Again, I feel sorry for Jeremy because he's a great kid in a shitty living situation, and a kid who needs to get over his shyness. Sara actually wishes our mom could get guardianship of Jeremy to get him away from his asshole of a dad. We're worried his dad might throw out Jeremy's new mini-kilts. Jeremy would have a hard time dealing with that sort of repressive thinking, especially when his girlfriend-neighbor told him she's proud of him for bravely wearing his mini-kilts to school.

I also assume mom will want second dibs on Jeremy's big cock this Summer, that is, after Jeremy becomes a man, and is allowed to penetrate mom. Mom does love big cocks... up front, that is. But Jeremy's cock training and first fuck at 14 is another story for another day. Sara and I have a lot of writing to do.

Finally, let me say this... my cock is very happy because it's been a long time since I've had to masturbate. How many teenaged guys can say they've almost forgotten how to masturbate? Sexy, liberal step-moms and step-sisters are the best!

Thanks for reading this story. The USA is a melting pot of many different cultures, thus a modern rite-of-passage ritual for normal, open-minded American teens seems important. Plus, first fuck at 14, as well as pussy and cock training regimens, promote sound mental health in teenagers because there's nothing worse than repression of natural sexual urges at that age. So, please enjoy this First Fuck at 14 story, and then please write and share your own experiences.

The end... eh... for now. And again, will someone please tell me why I always have the smallest cock? Please? Shit!